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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

P. Terentii *Afri Comediae Sex, ex editione T. F. G. Reinhardt.* With explanatory Notes by D. B. Hickie, LL.D., Head Master of Archbishop Saudys' German School, Hawkshead. London, 1837. Priestley.

It is not long since we endeavoured to give our readers some slight idea of comedy as it existed in the time of Aristophanes. We are now called upon to view this branch of the drama in an entirely altered shape, closely resembling the appearance that it has worn in modern times. It may, perhaps, not prove an uninteresting or tedious employment to attempt to trace the changes which comedy underwent before it arrived at the pleasing form which it has assumed in the works of the elegant and gentlemanly Terence. As it was our object, in the number we have already alluded to, to shew the political and satirical character of the Aristophanic productions, we trust there is no occasion for us to enter into any further discussion on the licentious and democratical nature of the old comedy. When, in the course of events, the government of Athens became converted into a species of oligarchy, the freedom and liberty of satire, which were not merely allowed, but absolutely cherished, in former times, as might naturally be expected, ceased to find favour in the eye of the authorities; and, accordingly, an edict was issued to forbid the introduction by name of any individual whomsoever upon the stage: it was under this trifling restriction that the dramatists began to engage in what is called the middle comedy. This slight alteration, however, was clearly not likely to produce any real benefit; for, as the name of the personage against whom the malicious and witty shafts of the satirist were aimed was by no means one of his chief characteristics, the audience, who were keenly alive to the smallest allusion, could never fail of seeing the follies and absurdities attributed to the unhappy object of the poet's dislike through the flimsy veil of a fictitious appellation. This state of things lasted but for a short time: finding the facilities of abuse by no means lessened by their late regulations, the rulers of the Athenians put a complete stop to the congenial amusement of the populace by absolutely and unconditionally forbidding the employment of any personal remarks whatsoever. The very essence of the performance being thus abstracted, the satirical drama sank for ever; the poet, being no longer able to catch the exciting events of the passing time, and weave them into the materials of his piece, was forced to have recourse to the common incidents and adventures of domestic life; and from this source alone were drawn the subjects and characters of the new comedy. This species differed so much from those immediately preceding, that by some it is not regarded as belonging to the comic genus; and it is thought that comedy never revived from this last fatal blow, but that the representations which followed under the same name were, in fact, derived from tragedy, which, no longer

degenerated from its original heroic and mysterious tone into the commonplace narration of the affairs of ordinary mortals: and, in fact, some traces of this disposition to descend may be found in Euripides, and furnished material for accusation against the less eminent Agathon. In this new style of drama there was one important omission—that of the chorus, which, “sublato jure nocendi,” no longer amused its delighted hearers with its poetical vagaries and fantastical conceits. It was now that Menander came forth: we have no one play of his remaining, and but few fragments; but they are enough to fill us with the deepest regret for the loss we have sustained in the destruction of those master-pieces, which have been pronounced by those of old (and where shall we find better critics?) inimitable. With the exception of these detached passages, and a few more of other poets, which have been preserved by being quoted in more fortunate prose writers, the comedies of Plautus and Terence, derived, as was nearly the whole of the Roman literature, from the Greek, alone enable us to form a just notion of the plot and language of these later notions. Both of these authors selected the writers of the new comedy for their models, to which they bear the same or even closer affinity than the adaptations of the French vaudevilles, so plentiful in the present day, do to their originals. The old comedy was so peculiarly Attic, and so deeply rooted in its native soil, that it was found impossible to transplant it, and it withered immediately in a nearly solitary attempt made by Naevius to naturalise it among the Roman people. The Romans, unlike the mercurial Athenians, were unable to see their losses and defeats made the subject of jesting and ridicule. Their extreme sensibility to the slightest disgrace, and their superstitious veneration for their country and its glory, could not permit them to look upon any of their institutions travestied or held up to laughter; and, in the words of an elegant writer, “when the Roman people were seriously offended, the Tarpeian rock, and not the stage, was the spot selected for their vengeance.” The new comedy, however, as founded upon the common propensities of mankind, was more universal in its application, and accordingly obtained no slight degree of popularity in its migration towards the west. It may be considered as the parent of all European comedies of the present age: the early Spanish dramas, and those of Ariosto, were constructed upon this same principle; and in the time of Randolph and our early comedians, it was considered as a mark of excellence to have attained a resemblance to the Roman Terence. An addition made by Terence himself to the production of Menander, was the interweaving of a second plot; but whether this is an improvement or not, has been disputed. On the one side it is contended that the chief intrigue of the piece admits of being agreeably relieved and varied by a slight digression, and that the mind derives more amusement from a skilful intermixture of incidents and purposes, than from a single unsustained action. On the other side it is argued, that there is great danger of the underplot weakening the attractions of the

principal characters, by diverting the attention too long; that the activity and liveliness of the whole may be seriously injured by a complicity of interests; and that, if the subordinate agents be made at all too prominent, the power of each plot is very much diminished. These last arguments, however, we can scarcely understand as condemning an underplot, abstractedly considered, but as pointing out the awkward results arising from an injudicious blending of intrigues; and it will scarcely be disputed but that these expected evils may spring from bad management: it seems, however, to us, that, under skilful direction, a second intrigue may be productive of increased interest. Whether Terence has been happy in his arrangement is another question, and one which has been variously decided. Every reader in this case must judge for himself. The characters introduced in these pieces, and their respective offices, are uniformly of the same species, and can, perhaps, in no way be more concisely and accurately described than in the poet's own words:—

“ Bonas matronas facero, meretrices malas,
Parasitum edacem, gloriolum militem;
Puerum suppedit, fali per servum senem,
Amare, odise, suspicari.

This is, it must be confessed, but a small round of personages to figure in the innumerable scenes that so long delighted an Athenian and Roman audience; but, in spite of these limited means, Terence has animated these invariable shadows with so much delicacy of sentiment and reality of feeling, that the attention of the reader is never wearied by the sameness of the succession, and the identity of the characters is lost in the peculiar and distinctive shades of colouring, distributed with so much art and discernment. The one great objection which has been brought against Terence, from the time of Cesar to the present day, is deficiency in the *vis comica*, the faculty of drawing those ludicrous and humorous pictures which are supposed to be essential to a true comedy.

“ Unum hoc maceror et doleo tibi deesse, Terenti.”

There are, notwithstanding, in our opinion, more passages and situations in our poet, which are capable of exciting the more risible emotions, than are generally supposed: at any rate, if the annual performances at Westminster may be considered as evidence, there is never any lack of laughter on those festive occasions. The attribute from which our poet derives the greater part of his laurels is the “ineffabilis amoenitas,” the indescribable easiness and delicacy of language, which run in so smooth and continuous a flow through the whole of his works. While he carefully guards, on the one hand, against soaring into the more majestic and declamatory strain of tragedy, he is equally distant from degenerating into low and farcical expressions; so that, skilfully conducted between the two extremes, the style is sustained in a manner at once conversational and dignified. It is in this point that he most completely carries away the palm from Plautus, whose coarse, and often vulgar language betrays the company with whom he was used to associate, and the nature of the audience whom it was his endeavour to please. The com-

“ Presenting Thebes or Pelop's line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.”

parison between these two comedians has been so often drawn, that it is needless to attempt it here; all the distinctions, however, that are conceived to exist, may be nearly summed up when it is said that Plautus is meant for the stage, and Terence for the closet: the one caricaturing and distorting his truly comic characters; while the other, never "o'erstepping the modesty of nature," adheres to truth in his smallest details. Our limits begin to warn us that it is now time to turn our attention to the edition immediately before us. It is constructed upon the same principle as the edition of Anthon's Horace, which we had occasion some time back to mention favourably. The text has already been approved of, and the notes and remarks seem carefully and judiciously selected from the old commentators; the original matter, also, is well adapted to the purposes of instruction. We think, however, that, on the whole, the explanations are too profuse; for, though it may seem rather strange, it has always been our opinion that the road to learning may be rendered too smooth and easy. Habits of industry and reflection, the most valuable acquirements of the classical scholar, are not likely to be engendered where every seeming and fancied difficulty may be removed by turning over a few pages. By a constant custom of application to explanatory notes the mind becomes afraid to trust to its own resources; and, if the student is used to let another always think for him, he will in time be unable, though he require it, to think for himself. We are aware that, to the solitary reader, without some assistance, the perusal of many authors is impossible: the excess of notes is the only fault we complain of; and, as we said before, we think in many places of this edition the remarks are somewhat supererogatory. With this drawback, which to many, however, will seem an advantage, we heartily recommend Dr. Hickie's labours to those who desire to drink of this well of Latin undefiled.

The Hussar. By the Author of "The Suhaltern." 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1837. Colburn.

THIS is a simple, unaffected, and true story, the life of one Serjeant Landsheit, now an inmate of Chelsea Hospital, and under the spiritual care of its worthy chaplain. Having, from time to time, like Othello to Desdemona, communicated the history of his adventures to Mr. Gleig, the latter found them strange and interesting enough to be woven into this narrative; and with him we pass from Germany to England, and thence to various lands—Sicily, the West Indies, South America, Portugal, Spain, &c. &c. and listen with pleasure to all the old soldier's reminiscences. Of their quality, the following selections will serve to afford a sufficient idea to our readers.

"My reader is not, perhaps, aware that there is a regulation in the Russian army, which prohibits any woman, whether married or not, from accompanying a body of troops upon foreign or active service. So rigid, indeed, are the Muscovites on this head, that, at the period of which I am speaking, the wife of a field-officer having been detected in her husband's quarters disguised as a page, she was sent home with ignominy, and he reduced to the ranks. It was, of course, impossible for Elizabeth's suitor to hide that fact from his mistress, because the occurrence took place in St. Helier, and the whole island rang with it. But, being master of her affections, he persuaded her to believe that, provided they could contrive to get her removed from Guernsey in one of her

father's schooners, it would be easy enough, when at sea, to pick her up, and hide her in the Russian transport. Accordingly, the poor girl consented to fix the day for the wedding; which was celebrated with all solemnity according to the rites of the established church, and toasted by myself, and a crowd of her friends besides, with great zeal after supper. About a week had passed in marriage festivities, when the Russians were ordered to embark; and the bride was reduced to the necessity of making her own arrangements for the purpose of not being separated from her husband. At his suggestion, she sent all her property, amounting to some hundreds of pounds, all her clothes, trinkets, and valuables of every description, to his ship; while she herself, with a stock of apparel barely sufficient for a few days' wearing, took her berth in a schooner which her father manned, and made ready to follow the squadron. On the appointed day the whole put to sea; the schooner keeping as near as possible to the husband's vessel, and steering for the coast of England. Elizabeth naturally expected that then, during the bustle of a general rendezvous, she would be enabled to join her lover. But she was cruelly deceived. The scoundrel never meant that she should join him. He had obtained all that he coveted of her little dower; and now made no effort whatever, during three days and nights, so much as to communicate with the schooner, though all the while within hail. I need scarcely go on with my tale. The Russian admiral, perceiving the schooner at last, ordered its crew to sheer off, or he would sink them; and poor Elizabeth returned to Guernsey, a widowed wife, forlorn, and well nigh broken-hearted. Many years elapsed ere I heard of her again, though I never failed, as often as an opportunity offered, of inquiring into her fate; and then the bitterness of grief was past. She had given birth to a son, of whom the Russian captain was the father; and long devoted herself to the child's education. But the entreaties of her parents, and the devotion of another lover, overcame her sadness at last. She married a second time more prudently; and, succeeding to the business at her father's decease, carried it on at once respectably and profitably."

At Weymouth we have an interesting anecdote of our late venerated king, George III.

"His majesty's common custom was to ride along the front of the troops, and to inspect them cursorily, as kings are wont to do, without making any remark. It happened, however, that on one occasion he deviated from this practice, and the followed scene occurred. A portion of our corps, forming the cavalry piquet, held the right of the line, which rendered it necessary for his majesty to begin his inspection with us. The appearance, first of one man, and then of another, struck him; and he stopped to ask questions. 'What countryman are you?' 'A Saxon.' 'Oh! a Saxon, a Saxon,' replied the king: 'a fine nation, a fine nation; very good soldiers, very good soldiers.' He then passed on to another. 'What countryman are you?' 'A Swede.' 'Good, good; excellent men the Swedes—very good men the Swedes.' A third arrested him, and the same question was repeated: the answer was, 'A Hanoverian.' 'Oh! my own country, my own country; all good men the Hanoverians—all good men—all good men.' Now came a fourth; and he was, in truth, as noble a looking fellow as ever mounted a horse. He was very tall, beautifully formed, with a dark oval complexion, piercing black eyes, hair like the raven's wing, and an enormous pair

of mustaches. The king gazed at him for some time, and then demanded, 'What countryman are you?' 'A Hungarian,' replied Forksh, whose name being rendered into English, signifies a wolf. 'All excellent soldiers the Hungarians,' cried the king,—'all excellent soldiers;' and then, as if attracted by the peculiar curl of the man's mustaches, he put forth his hand and began gently to twist one of them. It is impossible to say what motive could have actuated Forksh, for he never gave a satisfactory account of it; but the king had hardly seized his mustache, when he made a sort of snap, like a dog, at the royal hand, which was instantly withdrawn. In my life I never witnessed such a scene. The whole parade was convulsed with laughter, in which, after his first surprise, nobody joined more heartily than George III. As to the Prince of Wales, who rode next to his father, I thought he would have fallen from his horse. But he did not forget, as he passed by, to slip a guinea into the man's hand; who never permitted a muscle of his face to relax, nor swayed, even for an instant, from his upright and soldierlike attitude."

From Sicily we make our next selections, and with them conclude.

"The period of the occupation of Sicily was remarkable for the prevalence of crime among that portion of the British army which was employed in the service. How to account for the circumstance I do not pretend; but it is certain that a greater quantity of murders were perpetrated, and more acts of depredation committed, by the English troops, while they held Sicily in their hands, than by the whole of the Duke of Wellington's forces in Spain, though surpassing them at least four to one in point of numbers. On one occasion, for example, a soldier belonging to an infantry regiment came off guard at night, and, feeling fatigued, lay down upon his bed in order to sleep, but was hindered from sleeping by the serjeant of his squad, who, sitting in the same room, entered into an animated conversation with those about him. The weary man looked up, and begged the serjeant to be silent; a request with which the speaker did not think fit to comply. Again the man raised himself on his elbow, and declared, with an oath, that if the serjeant would not hold his tongue, and permit him to sleep, he would blow his brains out. The serjeant paid no other regard to his threat than to laugh at it; but he little knew the sort of person with whom he was trifling. The man sprang from his bed, deliberately took down his musket from the arms-rack, and shot the non-commissioned officer dead on the spot. He was, of course, tried, found guilty, condemned, and executed; a poor compensation for the life which, in his anger, he had taken away. On another occasion, a soldier was caught by a piano, plundering his vineyard. The countryman either wished to seize the robber, or in some way or another excited his fury; for a struggle took place, and the Sicilian was killed. The court which tried the murderer found him guilty on the clearest evidence, and he was sentenced to be hanged. In order to give to the execution as much solemnity as possible, all the troops in garrison were ordered to attend; while a proclamation went forth, in the Sicilian language, which called upon the people to come and witness the zeal with which the English authorities were prepared to protect their lives and properties. Large crowds of men, women, and children, came together where the scaffold was erected, and three cannon-shot were fired to warn them of the approach of the hour which

was to close the marauder's eyes upon the world for ever. The first gun gave notice that the prisoner had quitted his dungeon; the booming of the second told that he had reached the fatal platform; and when the third sent its echoes among the roots of Mount Etna, the drop fell. It was a hideous spectacle; for, the rope being weak and the man heavy, the former gave way, and the wretched creature was taken up, bruised, from the ground, but quite sensible. A pause necessarily occurred ere a fresh rope could be procured, and then he ceased to live. Strange to say, the effect of this example was so slight that, the very same day, a man of De Rolle's, a foreign regiment in the English service, was put in confinement for murdering his wife. He had gone home from the execution, quarrelled with the poor woman about some trifles, and stabbed her to the heart. He, too, suffered the penalty which the laws both of God and man have awarded to the homicide. Yet the practice continued occasionally, amid such aggravations of horror as to chill the blood of those who listened to the tale at the moment, and effectually to hinder me from advertizing it now. * * *

"The Lady Patroness of Sicily is St. Rosalia, concerning one of whose votaries, in another country, I had occasion, some time ago, to say a few words. How she obtained her honourable station in the calendar my host informed me; and I tell the tale as he told it to me, without vouching either for its accuracy as a legend, or the correspondence of my version with the versions of other writers. According to the padre, Santa Rosalia was a lady of rank and fortune; if I recollect right, a princess, who dwelt near Jerusalem during the days of the Apostles, and was converted by them on the day of Pentecost. She lived in great splendour, and exercised much hospitality towards the believers, till the persecution consequent on the martyrdom of Stephen arose; when she was compelled to flee, attended by a single maid, and to seek an asylum in a country whither the authority of the high priest could not extend. As Providence would have it, the ship in which she embarked was bound for Sicily, and carried her safely to Palermo, in the vicinity of which she lived a life of seclusion during many years. Santa Rosalia was no nun, neither was her attendant; but they kept up very little intercourse with the world, dividing their time, both by day and night, between the practice of devotion and the exercise of charity. Santa Rosalia died at last, without having attracted any great share of public attention, and was buried; but her merits had not been wasted. There occurred, some years afterwards, a grievous sickness in Sicily, which cut down the population by hundreds, and which all the efforts of the physicians proved inadequate to arrest. The whole island, indeed, was in mourning; when, one day, a devout monk, walking out of Palermo into the country, was met, near the cell which Santa Rosalia used to inhabit, by a being manifestly not of earthly mould. There was a glory round the head of the stranger, whose robes were white and shining; while from her eyes a lustre beamed so pure and piercing, that the monk could scarce venture to look upon it. 'I am Santa Rosalia,' said the vision, in a voice whose tones were music. 'I hold a high place in the family of the Blessed Virgin. She has sent me to say, provided you will raise my bones, and carry them in solemn procession through Palermo, the plague will cease.' The monk, bowing low, returned in all haste to the city, and communicated the substance of what had befallen. The bones of the saint were

exhumed; priests and magistrates bore them through the streets with lighted candles and bands of music; and that very day there came a change of wind, which wasted infection from the shores. I may add that, in honour of the good saint, a convent was forthwith built over the spot from which her body was taken; and that the precious relics, being there deposited, are still shewn to the pious and the liberal, greatly to the edification, as well as to the financial benefit, of the society. There are many festivals in Palermo in honour of departed worthies, but, in point of magnificence, that of Santa Rosalia far surpasses them all. It occurs on the anniversary of the miracle which her bones are said to have performed, and is kept with processions, and feastings, and fire-works, and all sorts of public shows, at which the king and his court, equally with the people, attend. For some weeks previous to the arrival of the great day, all Palermo is in commotion. Frameworks of timber are fabricated, which the carpenters arrange along the Marino, whence the fire-works may be shewn; and an enormous car is made, which, being covered over with silken hangings, supports upon poles a lofty stage, and is surmounted by an image of the saint, half hidden in a mass of silken clouds. The car itself is supported upon low truck-wheels; but on its sides there are four other wheels of a wider span, which never touch the ground, but are turned round and round by a winch, which some of the persons whom the hangings conceal set in motion. At an early hour on the morning of St. Rosalia's day—as soon, indeed, as it is light—the car is discovered on the Marino. On the stage, and surrounding the image of the saint, are groups of women, dressed in showy robes, and covered with flowers; while, tied to the four large wheels, are little children, whom the silks and feathery wings, fastened to their shoulders, cause to represent angels. Then there is a sounding of trumpets, and ringing of bells, which, together with a volley of patterans, warn the surrounding country that the saint has appeared among men. No sooner is this clamour heard, than, from far and near, country-people are seen driving their bullocks towards the city, which they yoke in a long string to the car. The farmer, indeed, who should refuse to lend his cattle for this purpose, could not hope to prosper at the coming vintage; and happy is he who, arriving first at the Marino, succeeds in placing his bullocks next the car. Then is the machine set in motion; while, from windows and balconies, hats and handkerchiefs wave, and the air is rent with the tumult of voices, the braying of trumpets, and the roar of artillery. Thus slowly, and with frequent halts, the saint is conveyed through the main street towards the further gateway; while, as it moves, the large wheels are turned slowly round, and the poor little angels go up and down, till they are as effectually delivered from the weight of their morning's meal as if they were at sea in a gale of wind. It is surprising the degree of excitement which the procession seemed to create throughout the city; and the quantities of wine, fruit, sweetmeats, and other viands consumed, is enormous. Thus it is during the day; and when darkness sets in, a new and still more brilliant scene is presented. The long line of frame-work of which I have spoken as drawn through the Marino, is now surmounted by fire-works, to witness which the whole population of the city is astir. The Marino, I need scarcely observe, is a broad, open space, that intervenes between a row of

noble houses and the sea. It is the mall of Palermo on common occasions, where ladies in their carriages, and cavaliers on horseback, are accustomed to take exercise; and there is about the centre of it a small marble pavilion, within which the king and his family are in the habit of looking out upon the festivities. To-night neither carriages nor horses are permitted to interfere with the pedestrians, who, in dense crowds, but in perfect order, occupy the parade; while the surface of the bay is covered with boats, each carrying its load of happy spectators: and, it is but fair to add, that the spectacle is altogether magnificent. The fire-works themselves are exceedingly brilliant; and the effect of the light upon the dark-blue waters, upon the multitudes of people, upon the buildings and vessels, is such as I have no language to describe. Such is the feast of Santa Rosalia, which the good people of Palermo celebrate with great delight, and of which the festivities come not to a close till three or four o'clock on the succeeding morning."

Strafford; a Historical Tragedy. By Robert Browning, author of "Paracelsus." Bro. pp. 131. London, 1837. Longman and Co. THE Poem of "Paracelsus" presented so many beautiful poetical beauties, as to give its young author a strong hold upon the public attention, and teach it to expect much from any future production of his pen. He has now appeared in the more difficult and arduous character of a tragic dramatist; and so successfully, that we may truly say he has not disappointed the hopes his first work led us to entertain. There is much vigour in *Strafford*, and much genuine poetry, though Mr. Browning has rather sought to accomplish his aim by the impulses given to his *dramatis persona*, than by endowing them with the beauties of style and diction. In his Preface he tells us, "I had for some time been engaged in a poem of a very different nature, when induced to make the present attempt; and am not without apprehension that my eagerness to freshen a jaded mind by diverting it to the healthy natures of a grand epoch, may have operated unfavourably on the represented play, which is one of action in character rather than character in action."

We confess we do not very clearly apprehend what this distinction means; but, at any rate, the play is more one of rapid events than of studied poetical embellishment. The only part that seems to admit of the latter, is an imaginary one of Lucy Percy, whom the author has painted as devoted in love to the ill-fated Strafford. In most of the scenes, the relation of political events, and the revelation of party purposes, supersedes the Muse; and, with the exception of the passionate speeches of the hero, there was hardly room for that species of composition which would so strikingly contrast some other tragedies (such, for example, as Mr. Sergeant Talfourd's "Ion") with the present. We are not sure, indeed, that Mr. Browning has not fallen into the other extreme. The dialogue is very abrupt and interrupted,—the sentences broken and exclamatory, to a degree that often affects the sense. This was felt even more upon the stage than it is in the closet; and, as an acting play, the interest fails after the third act, when Strafford is overthrown. The fourth, in which he does not appear, lingers amid the plots for his destruction, and the vacillation of the King; and, though his prison scene is touching and sad, it insufficiently revives our sympathies for the prototype of royal martyrdom. Charles himself is drawn more weak and treacherous than even adverse history

represents him; and only Pym, among the rest, stands out prominently and consistently on the canvas. The younger Vane and Hollis remain to be noticed—Hampden, Savile, Rudyard, &c. are ciphers; and the Queen has not much either to say or do. In short, when we look at the whole, it appears to us as if the original character had been conceived and written, and nearly all else, except the rivalry of Pym, concocted, as it were, to set off the leading personage, and connect the events in which he was concerned. Where Strafford is not, there is nothing to care for; and where he is, is turmoil from the beginning, viz. his return from Ireland, to the end, when alternate doubts and hopes terminate in the despairing certainty that he has been betrayed and sacrificed.

Having given this brief outline of the tragedy, and of our opinions, it remains for us to seek a few specimens wherewith to exemplify the author's powers, though, from the circumstances of break and interruption we have mentioned, it is not easy to select any very connected passages. Thus, when Charles has been induced, contrary to Strafford's advice, to dissolve the parliament,—

"Charles. 'Twas Vane—his ill-judged schemer that...
Strafford. ...Vane!
Charles. He told them, as they were about to vote
This hour, that nothing short of all the twelve
Would serve our turn, or be accepted.
Strafford. ...Vane!
Vane! and you promised me that very Vane...
O God! to have it gone, quite gone from me,
The one last hope—I that despair, my hope—
That I should reach his heart one day, and cure
All bitterness one day, be proud again,
And young again, care for the sunshine, too,
And never think of Eliot any more.—
God! and to toll for this, go far for this,
Get nearer, and still nearer, reach this heart—
And find Vane there! (Suddenly taking up a paper, and con-
tinuing with a forced calmness.) Northumberland is sick:

Well then, I take the army : Wilmot leads
The horsemen to him, with Conway, must secure
The passes of the Tyne : Ormond supplies
My place in Ireland. Here, we'll try the city :
If they refuse a loan... debase the coin,
And seize the bullion ! we've no other choice.
Herbert... (Flinging down the paper.)
And this while I am here! with you!
and there are hosts like Vane! I go,—
And, I once gone, they'll close around you, sure,
When the least pique, pettish mistrust, is sure
To ruin me—and you along with me!
Do you see that? And you along with me!
—Sire, you'll not ever listen to these men,
And I away, fighting your battle? Sire,
If they... change the matter what—
You say, 'At any time, when he returns'
His hand is mine. Don't stop me there! You know
My head is yours... only, don't stop me there!
Ch. Too shameful, Strafford! You advised the war,
And...

Say! I! I! that was never spoken with
Till it was entered on! That loathes war!
That say it is the maddest, wickedest...
Do you know, Charles, I think, within my heart,
That you would say I did advise the war;
And if, through your own weakness, falsehood, Charles,
These Scots, with God to help them, drive me back...
And me, to say...

I knew you! from the first
I knew you! Never so cold a heart!
Remember that I said it—that I never
Believed you for a moment
And me, you loved me?
You thought your perfidy profoundly hid
Because I could not share your whisperings
With Vane? With Savile? But your hideous heart—
I had your heart to see, Charles! Oh, to have
A heart of stone—of smooth, cold, stony stone!
Ay, call them! Shall I call for you? The Scots
Goaded to madness? Or the English—Pym—
Shall I call Pym, your subject? Oh, you think
They shall not know you? Hampden, Pym shall not..."

Our next example is from the mouth of Lucy, Lady Carlisle.

"(Aside.) The king!—
What way to save him from the king? My soul...
That lent from its own store the charmed disguise
That clothes the king... he shall behold my soul!
Ty Strafford! Strafford... (I shall speak best if you'll not gaze

Upon me...) ... You would perish, too! So sure!...
Could you but know what 'tis to bear, my Strafford,
One image stamped within you, turning blank
The else imperial brilliance of your mind,—
A weakness, but most precious,—like a flaw
P' the diamond, which should shape forth some sweet face
Yet to create, and, meanwhile, treasured there,
Lest Nature lose her gracious thought for ever!..."
A few lines from Strafford's conclusion, and we also conclude.

"Straff. I shall walk lightly, Sire!
For I shall save you... save you at the last!
Earth fades, Heaven dawns on me... I shall wake next
Before God's throne : the moment's close at hand
When man the first, last time, has leave to lay
His whole heart bare before its Maker—leave
To clear up the long error of a life,
And choose one happiness for evermore.
With all mortality about me, Charles,
The sudden wreck of the dreary, violent death...
I'll pray for you! Through all the angel-song
She penetrates one weak and quivering prayer—
I'll say how good you are... inwardly good.
And say... (The King falls : Hollis raises him.)
My death! I'll go—ere he awakes—go now!
All must be ready—did you say, Balfour,
The crowd began to murmur?—They'll be kept
Too late for sermon at St. Antholin's!
Now—but tread softly—children are at play
In the next room—Ah, just my children—Hollis!
—Or... no—support the King! (a door is unbarr'd.)
Hark... they are here!
Stay Hollis!—Go, Balfour! I'll follow!..."

"Pym. Have I done well? Speak, England! Whose
great sake
I still have laboured for, with disregard
To my own heart,—for whom my youth was made
Barren, my future dark, to offer up
Her sacrifice—this man, this Wentworth here—
That walked in youth with me—loved me it may be,
And whom, for his forsaking England's cause,
I hunted by all means (trusting that she
Would sanctify all means) even to the grave
That yawns for him. And saying this, I feel
No bitter pang than first I felt, the hour
I swore that Wentworth might leave us—but I
Would never leave him: I do leave him now!
I leave my people (but not God!)
To England who imposed it on me! I have done
Her bidding—poorly, wrongly, it may be
With ill effects—for I am but a man...
Still, I have done my best, my very best,
Not faltering for a moment! I have done!

(After a pause.)
And that said, I will say... I will say
I never loved but this man—David not
More Jonathan! Even thus, I love him now:
And look for my chief portion in that world
Where great hearts led astray are turned again,
(Soon it may be... and... yes... it will be soon:
My mission over, I shall not live long!)—
...Aye here I know I talk—and I will talk
Of England—and her great reward—as all
I look for here; in my inmost heart
Believe not of stored up spite away
To walk once more with Wentworth—with my friend
Purged from all error, gloriously renewed,
And Eliot shall not blame us! Then indeed...
This is no meeting, Wentworth! Tears rise up
Too hot... A thin mist—is it blood?—enwraps
The face I loved so! Then, shall the meeting be?
Then—then—then—I may kiss that hand, I know!
Straff. (Walks calmly to Pym and offers his hand.)
I have loved England too; we'll meet then, Pym!
As well to die! Youth is the time—our youth,
To think and to decide on a great course;
Age with its action follows; but 'tis dreary
To have to alter one's whole life in age—
The time past, the strength gone! as well die now.
When we meet, Pym, I'd be set right—not now!"

A Birthday Tribute, addressed to H. R. H. the Princess Alexandra Victoria, on attaining her eighteenth Year. By L. E. L. With a Portrait. 4to. pp. 19. London, 1837. Fisher, Son, and Co.

Messrs. Fishers have, with excellent taste and most opportunity, invoked the genius of one of the sweetest priestesses in the temple of Apollo, to embody the national feelings on this auspicious occasion. In olden times, such an event would have called forth hundreds of tributes from seats of learning, and all the scattered children of the muse. Now we are, we trust, not less gallant and loyal, but certainly more commercial and plodding, and must be contented with a more limited application of sympathy and talent to celebrate even so interesting an epoch as that birthday of the fair

Hope of England, which passes her from the state of infancy to the eminent height of historical importance.

What is here done is done beautifully. The poem opens with a clustering of youthful images all congenial to the subject, and full of kindred loveliness :

"When has the day the loveliest of its hours?
It is the hour when morning breaks into day,
When dew-drops like the yet untold flowers,
And sunshine seems like hope upon its way.
Then soars the lark amid the azure, singing
A seraph's song, that is of heaven, not earth;
Then comes the wind, a fragrant wanderer, bringing
The breath of vales where violets have birth.

Which of the seasons in the year is fairest?
That when the spring first blushes into bloom;
There is the beauty, earliest and rarest,
When the world warms with colour and perfume.

Then are the meadows filled with pleasant voices,
Earth one bright promise what it is to be;
Then the green forest in its depths rejoices,
Flowers in the grass, and buds upon the tree.

Then the red rose reveals her future glory,
Breaking the green moss with one crimson trace;
So dawns the white—while old historic story
Tells now they wreath for England's royal race.
If thus so fair the spring-time and the morning,
But in the world of leaf and bud; how fair,
With all their early loveliness adorning,
Still lovelier in our human world they are.

Youth is around thee, lady of the ocean,
Ocean that is thy kingdom and thy home,
Where not a heart but kindles with emotion,
Dreaming of honoured years that are to come.

What is the light of morning's rosy breaking,
To the young promise of that royal mind?

What are the hopes of sunny spring's awaking,
To hope which in thy future are inshrin'd?

Mighty the task, and glorious the fulfilling,
Duties that round thy future hours must be;

The east and west depend upon thy willing—

Mistress art thou wherever rolls the sea.

Fair art thou, Princess, in thy youthful beauty
Thoughtful and pure, the spirit claims its part;

Gazing on thy young face, a nation's duty

Bursts forth into the homage of the heart.

O'er thy high forehead is the soft hair braided;

Be never darker shadow on that brow!

Not yet one tint of youth's sweet hues had faded;

The loveliness of promise lights thee now.

Around thee are a thousand hearts addressing
Prayer for thy sake to every power divine;
No lip that names thee, names without a blessing;

A nation's holiest wishes are all thine."

The fair writer then casts a retrospect over the past history of the country, and deduces from it lessons for the future. A few verbal inaccuracies scarcely detract from the spirit and yet gentle philosophy which pervades this sketch, till we come to this period, when

"The progress of our race is marked
Wherever we can turn;

No more the gloomy woods extend,

No more the death-fires burn.

The village rises where once spread
The inhabitable moor;

And Sabbath-bells sweep on the wind,

The music of the poor.

The sun sinks down o'er myriad spires
That glisten in the ray,

As almost portions of that heaven

To which they point the way.

There is not a more lovely land

On all our lovely earth,

Than that, Victoria, which now gives

Its blessing on thy birth."

Breaking into another rhythm, we must quote a few lines more of fine imaginings.

"Farewell unto thy childhood, and for ever;
Youth's careless hours dwell not around a throne;

The hallowed purpose, and the high endeavour,

The onward-looking thought must be thine own.

* * *

From glowing Ind to Huron's waters spreading
Extends the empire that our sword hath won,

There have our sails been peace and knowledge shedding,

Upon thy sceptre never sets the sun.

A nobler triumph still awaits thy winning,

The mind's ethereal war is in its birth;

The Cross of Christ is on its way, beginning

Its glorious triumph o'er the darkened earth.

God's blessing be upon thee, Royal Maiden!

And be thy throne heaven's altar here below,

With sweet thanksgivings, and with honours laden,

Of moral victories o'er want and woe.

Glorious and happy be thy coming hours,
Young Daughter of old England's royal line!
As in an angel's pathway spring up flowers,
So may a nation's blessing spring in thine."

Such are the tones and tender of this charming composition; and we have only to add, that it is encased in a most appropriate binding, embossed on primrose—the colour of the Spring.*

Travels of the Duke of Ragusa (Marshal Marmont.) [From the French.]

WE lay before our readers some extracts from the work which the marshal Duke of Ragusa is about to publish. Every thing contributes to render this book highly interesting. The Duke of Ragusa has travelled through countries which are hardly known to France, and in which the most elevated questions of politics and civilisation are now agitated. He has visited them as a philosopher, a warrior, and a man of learning; he gives profound views and accurate delineations of each of them. His book every where bears the stamp of perfect tolerance and moderation: we always see in it the prudent reserve of a man who, as he says himself, has too often been the unhappy witness of the errors of others not to distrust his own opinions and his own judgment.

The Duke of Ragusa, leaving Vienna in 1834, intended first to visit Southern Russia, then Constantinople, Syria, Palestine, and Egypt. In order to reach Odessa, he had to pass either through Gallicia or Hungary and Transylvania. He chose the latter route. Hungary and Transylvania are two countries which contain the germs of great future prosperity. They possess the elements of immense riches, and are destined to become the principal basis of the power of the House of Austria. We subjoin some extracts from the marshal's tour in Hungary.

"The actual state of a great part of Hungary is as follows. The country appears to be deserted, and entirely destitute of inhabitants. You traverse immense plains: assemblages of cultivators, to the number of 30,000 or 40,000 souls, are placed at great distances from each other. In the spring every one leaves his winter quarters, and goes to encamp on the land which he is to cultivate. During the whole week he remains at his work; and the town has no inhabitants left but the women, the young children, and some servants. On Saturday evening the head of each family returns home, leaving all his implements in the field; but, on Monday morning, he goes back to his labours. When these are ended, all return to the town. Some of the temporary encampments have been converted into collections of huts, which are adorned with plantations; and the huts will one day become houses. Then the population will remain there; the country will be covered with farms and villages; and people will live in Hungary as in the rest of Europe. The towns, losing a great portion of their population, will assume a different appearance; they will be inhabited only by persons who are not engaged in agricultural pursuits, who live on their incomes or the profits of trade, as they do in other countries."*

"At Comorn they shewed me a very valuable natural production, namely, coals of very good quality, which are obtained, two leagues from the town, on an estate belonging to Count Sandor. The working of the mine

has but just begun; it promises to be a source of great riches to the proprietor, and of vast advantages to the country. The country through which you pass to reach Buda would give but a very imperfect idea of Hungary to a traveller who should go no further. It is well cultivated and variegated; it puts one in mind of Germany, though it does not present an image of the same prosperity: the influence of the vicinity of Vienna is very manifest. Accordingly, the land between the Leytha and Buda is more valuable, *ceteris paribus*, than that beyond the Danube. The country, as you approach Buda, is mountainous; high hills command the right bank of the Danube; the road lies at their feet; and there is a fine view of the rich and magnificent islands which cover the river. The sight of Buda is very striking. As an ancient city, the capital of Hungary, a city full of historical recollections, it fills the traveller with a feeling of awe, and reminds him of the middle ages. ** Buda is the seat of the public authorities, the city of the government; it is as handsome as its situation will allow, and is adorned with fine palaces. It is in this city that the palatine resides; it is here that the higher tribunals administer justice; it is the royal city. On the other side of the Danube is the city of Pest. This is the city of the opposition, of innovators; the city of commerce and manufactures. It is rapidly improving; its population is constantly increasing; handsome streets are being built; and yet one invincible obstacle will prevent any Hungarian town from becoming a great place of trade—till the civil laws which govern the country shall have been modified. There is no extensive and advantageous commerce without credit; and there is no credit where property is uncertain, and where a debtor cannot be compelled to pay his debts. Such is the case in Hungary: the creditor has no security but in the morality of his debtor; and how can this value be estimated in the case of bills, covered with the signatures of persons, most of whom are often unknown? The people of Hungary are fully sensible of the wants of the country, of the changes which its interest requires; but, as every change that is useful to the generality is, however, unfavourable to some, the most happy innovations meet with opposition: confused ideas cross each other; people will and will not. Thus they wish to have coals, which are indispensable to commerce and improvement. As the government has not the necessary funds to execute such works, some commercial company must undertake them, and a toll be imposed to reimburse the expenses: but he who has demanded coals, who most ardently wishes for them, will not hear of a toll, because a Hungarian gentleman cannot and will not be subject to any tax. They do not yet comprehend in Hungary, that the only reasonable privilege is not to pay without having consented, and that people must consent to pay, in order to enrich themselves and to increase their fortune and their enjoyments. In general, Hungarian pride is indignant at the idea of a contribution; and, till the prejudices which are founded on ignorance, and in the want of the plainest dictates of common sense, are eradicated, the country will remain stationary, and without the immense amelioration of which it is capable."

We pass over several interesting pages, in which the author shews to what degree feudalism is still impressed on the constitution and manners of Hungary. The following is a striking proof of this fact:—

"Near Oedenburg is the fort of Torchen-

stein, which belongs to Prince Esterhazy. It is situated on an eminence, and contains a considerable quantity of artillery, arms for three or four thousand men, and a treasure, composed of precious jewels, of immense value. A statute of the house of Esterhazy binds every prince who is the head of that illustrious house, to add to this treasure. The statute does not authorise them to touch it, except to ransom a member of the Esterhazy family, who is a prisoner of war, or slave among the Turks. Henceforth there will be no occasion to resort to this regulation, dictated by prudence and humanity. In 1809, the country of Oedenburg was occupied by the French army. A detachment of cavalry appeared before Torchenstein; the soldiers of Prince Esterhazy, who form the garrison, refused to open the gates; the detachment withdrew; and the fort, and the treasures it contained, were preserved to the owner. This situation of Prince Esterhazy, is, perhaps, the only one in Europe that gives us an idea of that of the great vassals of the middle ages. Immense estates, and a fortune which, if well administered, would equal that of a sovereign; fortresses belonging to himself; troops maintained in his service; the right, sanctioned by custom, of guarding his sovereign whenever he comes to his territories; the privilege of entering the suburbs of the capital, with a detachment of his soldiers with his colours flying,—all this exists here alone. A Prince Esterhazy, in a country like Hungary, possesses elements of greatness which might give him the highest place in society, next to the throne; he might be the right arm of his sovereign, and the benefactor of his country. In one of the halls of the palaces, you see painted on the wall a genealogical tree, which announces no very moderate pretensions. It begins with Adam: he is lying on the ground, the tree is planted in his side, passes through Seth, Noah, Ham, the patriarchs, and ends in 1876, with Nicholas Esterhazy, palatine of Hungary. Certainly such a document should put to shame the house of Levis, which goes back only to the family of the virgin, or the house of Croi, whose title-deeds, as every body knows, were preserved in Noah's Ark. It may readily be imagined, that the Esterhzays are the first to laugh at this folly."

The following is another of the most characteristic traces of the middle ages, in the constitution of Hungary. The author is speaking of the coronation of the kings.

"The reigning Emperor Ferdinand was crowned King of Hungary at Presburg, in 1830. This magnificent ceremony, now unique in Europe, calls to mind the middle ages, and still retains its original character. All pass on horseback in the open air: the bishops themselves, wearing their sacerdotal ornaments, with mitres on their heads, and croisiers in their hands, march in the place belonging to their rank, mounted on horses splendidly caparisoned and led by grooms richly dressed. We see at once that this is the pomp of a nomade people; the political and religious act of a people whose life was devoted to warlike occupations, and whose destiny it was to conquer the country they had before them. The whole has a legal and religious character. The king takes an oath in presence of the nation—that is to say, of the nobility and the clergy, the only classes possessing political rights—to govern according to the laws, to preserve the privileges of all, to defend the state against all enemies; and, as a token of the duty which he takes on himself, and which he promises to perform, he gallops, drawing his sabre, to a mound erected for the

* We regret to hear that the gifted writer is in such indifferent health, as to be obliged to decline contributing to any of the Annals of the ensuing year. They will thus be deprived of one of their most popular ornaments.

purpose : there he cleaves the air with his sabre in the direction of the four cardinal points, thereby indicating that he will defend the country, and combat its enemies on whatever side they may appear. The clergy consecrate, anoint, and crown the king ; but the duties, the strictness and extent of which the monarch acknowledges, are first confirmed, and it is not till he has sworn to fulfil them that he is put in possession of the crown.

At present we can only give one other extract :

" From Deré Kegyhaza I went to pass the night at Mezohegyés. This is the finest establishment in the Austrian monarchy for the breeding of horses, and their improvement. I have examined with care, and will give a detailed account of it. The stud of Mezohegyés is on 40,000 acres of land, of the best quality, and in one piece. This immense space is surrounded by a broad and deep ditch, which completely isolates it. It is environed by fine plantations, sixty feet broad, in its whole extent, which is fifteen leagues. A thousand acres, planted with walled groups of trees, break the uniformity of the plain : it is carefully cultivated, and its produce serves for the support of the establishment. Three hundred and sixty ploughs are employed on it; half of which are drawn by oxen, and half by horses. Formerly this stud had to supply horses to recruit the cavalry ; 20,000 horses were kept there. But the horses were not good, and diseases shewed the defects of this system. At present, the object of the government here, as well as at Bablonia, is only to obtain stallions of a good breed, which are sent to the dépôts in the provinces for the service of private persons, and in order to keep up the number, 2000, which has been judged to be necessary. In the annual supply of 400, the contingent of Mezohegyés is 159. To produce them, there are kept 1000 brood-mares and forty-eight stallions. Two hundred mares and 600 oxen are employed in cultivating the ground. The plain is divided into four equal parts ; each of these four is subdivided into portions, which are like so many farms. An officer, and two subaltern officers, are placed at the head of each great division, to direct and superintend it. All the persons, the implements, and the teams necessary for the cultivation, are then collected, as well as the young animals, which are classed according to their age and sex. At the age of four years the young horses are all collected in the centre of the establishment, which is amply provided with all the necessary buildings. The best animals are selected to supply the deficiencies in the establishment, in order to keep it always on the same footing. A selection is then made of what may be wanted by the other studs ; then, when the stallions have attained the age of five years, a hundred and forty, or a hundred and fifty, are sent to the principal dépôts. The remainder are sold by auction, or given to the army to remount the cavalry. At present, the whole number of horses here, including the stallions, the brood-mares, colts, and fillies, is 3000. The persons employed in the direction, the cultivation, and the care of the young animals, consist of a major-director, twelve subaltern officers, and 1170 soldiers, keepers, cultivators, &c. &c. Never was so vast an establishment conducted with more order and economy. The present director is Major Blockberg, an officer who appeared to me to be very capable, and worthy of the post which is confided to him. The imperial treasury advances to this establishment, every year, the sum of 118,000 florins : it is reimbursed by

the sale of the 150 stallions which the establishment sends every year to the provinces, at the price of 1003 florins each, and by the value of the horses supplied to the cavalry. All the other expenses, of every description, are paid for by the produce of the establishment, which is required to defray, and does defray, all. The consumption of oats is 72,000 bushels. The cultivation of wheat being extremely advantageous on this soil, it is carried on here, and the wheat is sold to provide for other wants. 150,000 quintals of forage are consumed, besides straw. The results of this system are, therefore, marvellous ; and especially in the eyes of a Frenchman, whose country has nothing analogous to it. It is an immense estate ; a farm on a colossal scale ; a stud in proportion, managed for the account of the sovereign, which produces a considerable revenue, independently of the principal object which is attained, and which consists in the propagation of the best breeds, and the multiplication of horses. Thanks to this system, the success of which is complete, the Emperor of Austria can purchase, at a moderate price, a number of horses, always sufficient for the wants of his army. He pays for horses for the light cavalry, 110 florins ; for the dragoons, 120 ; for the cuirassiers, 140 ; for the train, 160 ; and for the artillery, 180. It is a great element of power to possess at home such an immense resource against a time of war, at an expense so far below that which the powers of the west and south of Europe are obliged to incur."

Lockhart's Life of Sir Walter Scott, Vol. II. 1837. Edinburgh, Cadell ; London, Murray ; Whittaker and Co.

[Second notice: conclusion.]

IT is a remarkable portion in the life of Sir Walter Scott, to see the incredible efforts he made to keep his Edinburgh presses at work ; the labour of incessant editing works of great magnitude, and all to bring grist to the mill. We are now at the year 1806, when his biographer tells us :—

" Conversing with Scott many years afterwards, about the tumult of engagements in which he was thus involved, he said, ' Ay, it was enough to tear me to pieces, but there was a wonderful exhilaration about it all : my blood was kept at fever-pitch — I felt as if I could have grappled with any thing and every thing ; then, there was hardly one of all my schemes that did not afford me the means of serving some poor devil of a brother-author. There were always huge piles of materials to be arranged, sifted, and indexed—volumes of extracts to be transcribed—journeys to be made hither and thither, for ascertaining little facts and dates : in short, I could commonly keep half-a-dozen of the ragged regiment of Parnassus in tolerable case.' I said he must have felt something like what a locomotive engine on a railway might be supposed to do, when a score of coal-waggons are seen linking themselves to it the moment it gets the steam up, and it dashes on its course, regardless of the burden. ' Yes,' said he, laughing, and making a crashing cut with his axe (for we were felling larches) ; ' but there was a cursed lot of dung-carts, too.' He was seldom, in fact, without some of these appendages ; and I admired nothing more in him than the patient courtesy, the unweary gentle kindness with which he always treated them, in spite of their delays and blunders, to say nothing of the almost incredible vanity and presumption which more than one of them often exhibited, in the midst of their fawning ; and I believe, with all their

faults, the worst and weakest of them repaid him by a canine fidelity of affection. This part of Scott's character recalls by far the most pleasing trait in that of his last predecessor, in the plenitude of literary authority—Dr. Johnson. There was, perhaps, nothing (except the one great blunder) that had a worse effect on the course of his pecuniary fortunes, than the readiness with which he exerted his interest with the booksellers on behalf of inferior writers. Even from the commencement of his connexion with Constable, in particular, I can trace a continual series of such applications. They stimulated the already too sanguine publisher to numberless risks ; and, when these failed, the result was, in one shape or another, some corresponding deduction from the fair profits of his own literary labour. ' I like well,' Constable was often heard to say, in the sequel, ' I like well Scott's ain bairns ; but Heaven preserve me from those of his fathering ! ! !'

Again : " The reader does not need to be reminded, that Scott, at this time, had business enough on his hand, besides combing the mane of Brown Adam, and twisting couples for Douglas and Percy. He was deep in Swift ; and the Ballantyne press was groaning under a number of works, some of them already mentioned, with almost all of which, his hand, as well as his head, had something, more or less, to do. But a serious change was about to take place in his relations with the spirited publishing-house, which had, hitherto, been the most efficient supporters of that press ; and his letters begin to be much occupied with differences and disputes, which, uninteresting as the details would now be, must have cost him many anxious hours in the apparently idle autumn of 1806."

His disputes with Hunter, Constable, and Co. are related ; and also the causes of his differences with Jeffrey. The results were, his embarking largely with the Messrs. Ballantyne as printers and publishers, in Edinburgh ; and his taking a very active part in setting up the *Quarterly Review* in London, to counteract the political influence of the *Edinburgh Review*. All the accounts of these matters are of much literary interest and curiosity, and the correspondence of this period will be read with much gratification ; though we must again reclaim against the disparaging tone in which the Messrs. Ballantyne are frequently spoken of by the biographer. It seems hard, after years of the closest intimacy and friendship, even with the greatest man of the day, to be shewn up as pygmies or puppets, as it were, merely to swell his gigantic proportions and importance. We quote an instance of the correspondence above alluded to.

" The enclosure (to Mr. Ellis, July 8th, 1800), and the rest of the letter, refer to the private affairs of Mr. Southey, in whose favour Scott had, for some time back, been strenuously using his interest with his friends in the government. How well he had, while in London, read the feelings of some of those ministers towards each other, appears from various letters written upon his return to Scotland. It may be sufficient to quote part of one, addressed to the distinguished author whose fortunes he was exerting himself to promote. To him, Scott says (14th June),—' Mr. Canning's opportunities to serve you will soon be numerous, or they will soon be gone altogether ; for he is of a different mould from some of his colleagues, and a decided foe to those half-measures, which, I know, you detest as much as I do. It is not his fault that the cause of Spain is not, at this moment, triumphant.'

This I know, and the time will come when the world will know it too."

His intercourse with this great and patriotic statesman was always of the most delightful kind; but we come to a stern trait of character, which we hardly anticipated in the man.

"The unfortunate brother, the blot of the family, to whom Scott alludes in this letter, had disappointed all the hopes under which his friends sent him to Jamaica. It may be remarked, as characteristic of Scott at this time, that, in the various letters to Ellis concerning Daniel, he speaks of him as his relation, never as his brother; and it must also be mentioned as a circumstance suggesting that Daniel had retained, after all, some sense of pride, that his West Indian patron was allowed by himself to remain, to the end of their connexion, in ignorance of what his distinguished brother had thus thought fit to suppress. Mr. Blackburn, in fact, never knew that Daniel was Walter Scott's brother, until he was applied to for some information respecting him on my own behalf, after this narrative was begun. The story is, shortly, that the adventurer's habits of dissipation proved incurable; but he finally left Jamaica, under a stigma, which Walter Scott regarded with utter severity. Being employed in some service against a refractory or insurgent body of negroes, he had exhibited a lamentable deficiency of spirit and conduct. He returned to Scotland a dishonoured man; and though he found shelter and compassion from his mother, his brother would never see him again. Nay, when, soon after, his health, shattered by absolute indulgence, and, probably, the intolerable load of shame, gave way altogether, and he died as yet a young man, the poet refused either to attend his funeral, or to wear mourning for him, like the rest of the family. Thus sternly, when in the height and pride of his blood, could Scott, whose heart was never hardened against the distress of an enemy, recoil from the disgrace of a brother. It is a more pleasing part of my duty to add, that he spoke to me, twenty years afterwards, in terms of great and painful contrition, for the austerity with which he had conducted himself on this occasion. I must add, moreover, that he took a warm interest in a natural child whom Daniel had bequeathed to his mother's care; and, after the old lady's death, religiously supplied her place as the boy's protector."

Pride and ambition steeled his heart; no wonder that a late repentance followed. To proceed, however, with our narrative, we find Scott now dabbling much in Edinburgh theatricals, and hear of his intimacy with Mrs. Siddons, J. Kemble, and others; and particularly with Mr. Terry, who acquired his unbounded confidence and friendship.

"Mr. Terry (we are informed) had received a good education, and been regularly trained as an architect; but, abandoning that profession, at an early period of life, for the stage, and was now beginning to attract attention as a valuable and efficient actor in Henry Siddons's new company at Edinburgh. Already he and the Ballantynes were constant companions; and through his familiarity with them, Scott had abundant opportunities of appreciating his many excellent and agreeable qualities. He had the manners and feelings of a gentleman. Like John Kemble, he was deeply skilled in the old literature of the drama, and he rivalled Scott's own enthusiasm for the antiquities of *virtu*. Their epistolary correspondence in after days was frequent, and will supply me with many illustrations of Scott's minor tastes and habits. As their letters lie before me, they appear as if

they had all been penned by the same hand. Terry's idolatry of his new friend induced him to imitate his writing so zealously, that Scott used to say, if he were called on to swear to any document, the utmost he could venture to attest would be, that it was either in his own hand or in Terry's. The actor, perhaps unconsciously, mimicked him in other matters with hardly inferior pertinacity. His small lively features had acquired, before I knew him, a truly ludicrous cast of Scott's graver expression; he had taught his tiny eyebrow the very trick of the poet's meditative frown; and, to crown all, he so habitually affected his tone and accent, that, though a native of Bath, a stranger could hardly have doubted he must be a Scotchman. These things afforded Scott and all their mutual acquaintances much diversion; but, perhaps, no Stoic could have helped being secretly gratified by seeing a clever and sensible man convert himself into a living type and symbol of admiration. Charles Mathews and Terry were once thrown out of a gig together, and the former received an injury which made him halt ever afterwards, while the latter escaped unhurt. 'Dooms, *Daniel*,' said Mathews, when they next met; 'what a pity that it wasn't your luck to get the game leg, man! Your *Shirra* had hae been the very thing, ye ken, an' ye wad hae been croose till ye wad be confined!' Terry, though he did not always relish bantering on this subject, replied readily and good-humouredly, by a quotation from Peter Pindar's *Boozzy and Piozzi*:

"When Foote his leg by some misfortune broke,
Says I to Johnson, all by way of joke,
Sam, sir, in Paragraph will soon be clever,
He'll take off Peter better now than ever."

Mathews's mirthful caricature of Terry's sober mimicry of Scott was one of the richest extravaganzas of his social hours; but, indeed, I have often seen this Proteus dramatise the whole Ballantyne group with equal success—while Rigidumfumidores screamed with delight, and Aldiborontiphosphophornio faintly chuckled, and the Sheriff, gently smiling, pushed round his decanters."

The "Lady of the Lake" was now published, and had immense popularity. Touching it, the following quotation is full of interest:

"Of the success of his new poem, he speaks as follows in his Introduction of 1830:—'It was certainly so extraordinary as to induce me, for the moment, to conclude that I had, at last, fixed a nail in the proverbially inconstant wheel of Fortune. I had attained, perhaps, that degree of public reputation at which prudence, or certainly timidity, would have made a halt, and discontinued efforts by which I was far more likely to diminish my fame than to increase it. But—as the celebrated John Wilkes is said to have explained to King George the Third, that he himself, amid his full tide of popularity, was never a Wilkite—so I can, with honest truth, exculpate myself from having been, at any time, a partisan of my own poetry, even when it was in the highest fashion with the million. It must not be supposed that I was either so ungrateful, or so superabundantly candid, as to despise or scorn the value of those whose voice had elevated me so much higher than my own opinion told me I deserved. I felt, on the contrary, the more grateful to the public, as receiving that from partiality which I could not have claimed from merit: and I endeavoured to deserve the partiality by continuing such exertions as I was capable of for their amusement.' James Ballantyne has pre-

served, in his 'Memorandum,' an anecdote strikingly confirmative of the most remarkable statement in this page of Scott's confessions.

"I remember," he says, "going into his library shortly after the publication of the 'Lady of the Lake,' and finding Miss Scott (who was then a very young girl) there by herself; I asked her, 'Well, Miss Sophia, how do you like the 'Lady of the Lake?' Her answer was given with perfect simplicity: 'Oh, I have not read it; papa says there's nothing so bad for young people as reading bad poetry.' In fact, his children in those days had no idea of the source of his distinction; or rather, indeed, that his position was in any respect different from that of other advocates, sheriffs, and clerks of session. The eldest boy came home one afternoon about this time from the High School, with tears and blood hardened together upon his cheeks. 'Well, Wat,' said his father, 'what have you been fighting about to-day?' With that the boy blushed, and hung his head, and at last stammered out, that 'he had been called a *lassie*.' 'Indeed!' said Mrs. Scott, 'this was a terrible mischief, to be sure.' You may say what you please, mamma," Wat answered roughly, "but I dinna think there's a *waufier* (shabbier) thing in the world than to be a lassie, to sit boring at a clout.' Upon further inquiry, it turned out that one or two of his companions had dubbed him *The Lady of the Lake*, and the phrase was to him incomprehensible, save as conveying some imputation on his prowess, which he accordingly vindicated in the usual style of the Yards. Of the poem he had never before heard. Shortly after, this story having got wind, one of Scott's colleagues of the Clerks' Table said to the boy, 'Gilknochie, my man, you cannot surely help seeing that great people make more work about your papa than they do about me or any other of your uncles; what is it, do you suppose, that occasions this?' The little fellow pondered for a minute or two, and then answered, very gravely, 'It's commonly him that sees the horse sitting.' And yet this was the man that had his children all along so very much with him. In truth, however, young Walter had guessed pretty shrewdly in the matter, for his father had all the tact of the Sutherland Highlander, whose detection of an Irish rebel up to the neck in a bog, he has commemorated in a note upon 'Rokeby.' Like him, he was quick to catch the sparkle of the future victim's eye; and often said jestingly of himself, that, whatever might be thought of him as a *maker* (poet), he was an excellent *trouvere*. Ballantyne adds: 'One day, about this same time, when his fame was supposed to have reached its *acmé*, I said to him, "Will you excuse me, Mr. Scott, but I should like to ask you what you think of your own genius as a poet, in comparison with that of Burns?" He replied, "There is no comparison whatever; we ought not to be named in the same day." "Indeed!" I answered; "would you compare Campbell to Burns?" "No, James, not at all: if you wish to speak of a real poet, Joanna Baillie is now the highest genius of our country."—"But, in fact," continues Ballantyne, "he had often said to me, that neither his own, nor any modern popular style of composition, was that from which he derived most pleasure. I asked him what it was? He answered, Johnson's; and that he had more pleasure in reading 'London,' and 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' than any other poetical composition he could mention; and I think I never saw his countenance more indicative of high admiration than while reciting aloud from those productions."

In 1811, "The Vision of Don Roderick" was published, as a contribution to the Portuguese Subscription Fund; and, about the same time, Mr. Scott purchased the land of Abbotsford, and began "Rokeby," in order to raise a sufficient fund to clear the purchase, and build upon it. His correspondence with Mr. Merritt is frequent and charming; but we must leave it to the readers of the work (as all will be), and conclude with a few brevities.

Anecdote of Lord Napier.—Lord and Lady Napier had arrived at Castlemilk, with the intention of staying a week; but next morning it was announced that a circumstance had occurred which rendered it indispensable for them to return without delay to their own seat in Selkirkshire. It was impossible for Lady Stewart to extract any further explanation at the moment, but it turned out afterwards that Lord Napier's valet had committed the grievous mistake of packing up a set of neckcloths which did not correspond, in point of date, with the shirts they accompanied!'

Anecdote of Mrs. Siddons.—John Kemble's most familiar table-talk often flowed into blank verse; and so indeed did his sister's. Scott (who was a capital mimic) often repeated her tragic exclamation to a footboy, during a dinner at Ashestiel:

"You've brought me water, boy,—I asked for beer."

Lord Melville and President Blair died about the same period, and Scott tells the following singular story:

"There is a very odd coincidence between the deaths of these eminent characters, and that of a very inferior person, a dentist of this city, named Dubisson. He met the president the day before his death, who used a particular expression in speaking to him. The day before Lord Melville died, he also met Dubisson, nearly on the same spot, and, to the man's surprise, used the president's very words in slating him. On this second death, he expressed (jocularly, however) an apprehension that he himself would be the third; was taken ill, and died in an hour's space. Was not this remarkable?"

Scott's first opinion of "Childe Harold."—Have you seen the "Pilgrimage of Childe Harold," by Lord Byron? It is, I think, a very clever poem, but gives no good symptom of the writer's heart or morals. His hero, notwithstanding the affected antiquity of the style in some parts, is a modern man of fashion and fortune, worn out and satiated with the pursuits of dissipation; and, although there is a caution against it in the preface, you cannot for your soul avoid concluding that the author, as he gives an account of his own travels, is also doing so in his own character. Now, really, this is too bad; vice ought to be a little more modest, and it must require impudence at least equal to the noble lord's other powers, to claim sympathy gravely for the ennuï arising from his being tired of his wassailers and his paramours. There is a monstrous deal of conceit in it too, for it is informing the inferior part of the world that their little old-fashioned scruples of limitation are not worthy of his regard, while his fortune and possessions are such as have put all sorts of gratifications too much in his power to afford him any pleasure. Yet, with all this conceit and assurance, there is much poetical merit in the book, and I wish you would read it."

MISCELLANEOUS.

Botany.—Messrs. Brognart and Jussieu, who were appointed by the French Academy of Sciences to examine the plants collected by Dr. Honigberger, have found

among them many that are very remarkable; some of them are also contained in the Herbarium of Jacquemont. The lovers of botany will be glad to learn that Dr. Honigberger's plants will be described by Mr. Jacquin of Vienna, to whom he has confided them. The first part is already published under the title of "Sectum Cabulicum, Euphorbiacearum plantarum quas in itineris Darasianik et Cabul mensibus Maio et Junio, 1832, collecti Dr. H."

The *Milleright and Engineer's Pocket Companion*, by William Templeton, 4th edition. (London, Simpkin, Marshall, and Co.; Liverpool, Egerton Smith and Co.)—This fourth edition of "Templeton's Engineer's Companion," will be found most useful to all persons connected with machinery. Mr. T. is, we understand, an operative mechanic; and his work has been considerably enlarged by the addition of much valuable matter.

An Analysis of Poisons, by C. J. Cox, M.R.C.S. Pp. 174. (London, J. T. Cox; E. Portwine.)—A plain and sensible exposition of the qualities of various poisons, their action on the animal economy, and their safest and readiest antidotes.

Sothery's Couper, Vol. XII. (London, Baldwin and Cradock.)—With two fine and spirited embellishments from the pencil of W. Harvey, engraved by Goodey and Goodall, this volume continues the Iliad to the end.

A new Guide to German and English Conversation, &c. &c. by J. Rowbotham. (London, Dulau and Co.)—Like all Mr. Rowbotham's works, a most useful publication; excellently arranged, and adapted to improve the student in speaking German.

Murray's Pocket Byron, Vol. V.—This is the second volume of the dramas, and contains the Two Foscari, Cain, the Deformed Transformed, and Werner. Venice by E. Finden, after Stanfield, forms a beautiful vignette.

ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE. THE EUPHRATES EXPEDITION.

[Last accounts.]
Baghdad, January 31, 1837.

MY DEAR —.—The *Literary Gazette* (which, with great propriety, finds its way to the H. E. I. Company's Presidency at Baghdad, and has travelled across the desert with unaccustomed celerity since the Euphrates expedition stirred up the phlegm of the Asiatics) has reached as far as the loss of H. M. steamer Tigris, at the time when your correspondent is inditing his second letter from "the city of the Caliphs." He regrets extremely (although, with proper self-respect, he attributes to the lamp-black ink of the East, which effaces by damp, and not to his calligraphic inaccuracy) the errors which you have, with equal kindness and industry, endeavoured to amend. He hopes to be able to give you some detailed information upon these points; but, in the mean time, Deir, and not Duras, "a monastery," is a small town 211 miles, by water, below Balis, and nominally at present the frontier town of Ibrahim Pacha's possessions in Syria. The site of Thapsacus, of Xenophon and Arrian, is controversial. Those in the expedition who amused and instructed themselves with questions of historical geography, placed it at El Humman, "the baths," 12 miles above Racca, where is a causeway leading to the city of Sura, "flavia firma Sura," between which and Palmyra was a great road passing through Resafa, and on the left or east bank of the river, another road leading by Aragla Castle to Racca, which was a favourite residence of Haroun al Raschid; the Nikephorium of Alexander, and Callinicum of the Romans. Unanimity is something. Rennell and D'Anville placed Thapsacus at Deir; in order to do which, and preserve any correspondence in distances, they had recourse to the extraordinary assumption, that Xenophon had transposed the distances between the Daradax and Thapsacus, Thapsacus and the Araxes. It remains, however, questionable, if Alexander did not pass higher up. "Zeléhé" or "Zenobia," you are right, marble city of the greatest interest. "Ceruscum," limnophilic city of Roman dominion in the East: now Kerkissia, a corruption, or Abou Serai, "the father of palaces." Of Salahiyyat ~~أصل~~ rather Salabiyah, an extensive ruin, with castle and gateways in tolerable perfec-

tion, I know nothing. Erzi (سرز) (ärzy) the popular Arabic name of Ezra, whose tomb on the Tigris is a great resort for Jewish pilgrims. It was, probably, a colony of captive Israelites. Rauwolf and Balbi give an erroneous idea of its extent, from the river winding round the ruins. It was the Corsote of Xenophon; and the river Masca, of the same historian and general, is a branch of the Euphrates. This will require detail.*

The Euphrates steamer, after forwarding despatches from Baghdad early in October 1836, returned immediately to Korna, where the H. E. I. Company's steamer, Hugh Lindsay, had already arrived with a second mail.† The steamer having had the misfortune to bring up with her from Bombay a Mr. Samuel, whose apostolic labours, two years ago, nearly caused the destruction of all the European inhabitants of Baghdad, she was put into religious quarantine, and the Arabs threatened to kill any body who should land. This was soon put to rights on our arrival, and, having received the mail, H. M. steamer at once sailed up the river Euphrates upwards of 70 miles, and anchored off the encampment of the Sheik of Montefide, when every possible explanation and concession was made in the most amicable manner possible.

The mail was taken up as far as the Lemloon marshes, and thence forwarded, under charge of Mr. Fitzjames, by dromedary. In my last, I put you quite *au fait* to the difficulties under which the expedition laboured, with only the large steamer remaining, and a mail arriving at the very lowest season of the year. She struggled, however, for some days in the narrow and shallow channel in the Lemloon, till the cross-bar of one of the engine's pumps broke, and there was nothing left but to return alongside the Hugh Lindsay, and get it repaired. Under these adverse circumstances, and in consequence of orders received from his majesty's government, for the approaching suspension of our labours, Colonel Chesney determined upon proceeding at once to India, principally, I believe, with a view to put the navigation of the river upon that footing which experience has now shewn to be most likely to be attended with success. The opinion upon this subject of all our naval officers is, that it might be performed with expedition, and all the advantages desirable, by steamers of power, draught, and dimensions, varying with the portion of the river to be navigated. Opinions are here, I believe, a little divided, whether two or three, or even more, small steamers would not be required for the river navigation. The views, however, of none of the officers extend to the necessity of a system of steam navigation half so complex as that at present in force on the Danube, and which would secure to India a constant and speedy communication with the mother country; whereas the Red Sea, as yet, has been unapproachable in one direction during nearly one half of the year.

At the colonel's departure, after a ride to Zobeir in the Desert (the unfortunate sheikh of which has since been shot at Basra, while upon a visit to the governor, and his decapitated body thrown into the streets), we received orders to proceed in the important examination of the Delta of Susiana. While the steamer breasted the wholesome Karoon, or Khospes, "the drink of none but kings," a small party went along the old bed of the river at Sabla into the Gaban Canal; along which

* Our readers will remark, that these interesting geographical and antiquarian details and corrections refer to our former correspondence.—Ed. L. G.

† See *Lit. Gaz.*, No. 1047, Feb. 11.

they navigated, a day and a night, to Felahy, or Dorack, the residence of the Sheik of Kaab, Chab, or Gab, as Europeans indifferently spell كعب Kaع, or Kaab, the heel of Arabia, as Otranto has been designated to be of Italy. Although subjects of Persia, they pay tribute to no one for Mohammra, and hence exact only trifling customs, which has caused the sudden and temporary rise of that mart, to the detriment of Basra. But retribution, not to mention cupidity, is not slumbering in the breast of Ali Pacha, and commerce may soon be expected to return to its old channel. Mohammra has, however, great natural advantages.

From Felahy the party proceeded up the Jerahy; afterwards, crossing the level plain at the foot of the Persian Appenines, to Ahwaz, celebrated for its bünd, or dam, on the river, its ruins of the early times of the Caliphat, and remarkable for its rocky neighbourhood, where rocks are rare. The ledges of solid sandstone (tertiary) which cross the river, form a more complete obstacle to navigation than the remains of the dam itself; and the steamer, which had ascended as far as to the foot of the lowermost of the ledges, had completed all that was in its power of the navigation of the Karoon. Here the expedition found the ancient bed of a river, known to the natives by the name of Chabour, or Shahour, both at Ahwaz: and, from information subsequently obtained at Bendikil, this river, it appears, still flows past the tomb of Daniel, which is on the site of Susa, on the Ulai of Scripture, on the Khoaspes of Herodotus, and on the Euleus of Arrian; all three rivers celebrated for the same virtues as are attributed by the Easterns in the present day to the Karoon, of which the Chabour was a branch, but now flowing into the Ab-i-Der, or Deshbul river. The ruins of Susa extend from it to the banks of the Keruli, or Karasou of the Turks, which has hence been confounded with the Chabour by one party (Rennell, Ouseley, Barbré de Bocage, Hoek, &c.), who place Susa in its real position; and by another (D'Herbelot, Vincent, Manner, D'Anville, Von Hammer, &c.), with the Ab-i-Shuster, or river of Shuster, another branch of the Karoon: these eminent geographers considering Shuster as the site of Sus. By the system, however, now proposed, the difficulties which existed in explaining (if Shus, or Sus, is admitted as the site of Susa) the navigations of Nearchus and of Alexander, and the movements of Eumenes and Antigonus, supposing Sus to be on the Kerah, are overcome. Nearchus ascended the Karoon, his Pasitigris, although not that of Pliny: Alexander descended the Chabour, Khoaspes, or Euleus, by which he could reach the sea. Spasinius Charax, being at Mohammra, and when designated as Alexandria, after the usual complimentary fashion of the Macedonians, only *iii mille passuum* from the sea.

The same party which had traversed the Kaabian proceeded up the river, in a native boat, to determine some of the numerous points of illustration which are connected with this question; and which Von Hammer (*Recueil de la Société de Géographie*, tom. ii. p. 320) announces as "la plus grande difficulté qui se soit élevée parmi les géographes modernes;" but the Arabs stood between us and the completion of our wishes. The character of the Uxii and Paratoceni, as given by Arrian and Strabo, remains unimpeachable for veracity. The sum of money demanded for our passage at Bendikil (Benzhouel of the Arabs) was extravagant to excess; and being refused, we were, professedly,

neither allowed to go forward nor to return: till, finding further delay unavailing, we were obliged, to our infinite disappointment, to adopt the latter course, and regain the steamer, with faded laurels upon our brows. The Delta was not, however, left till the steamer once more descended the Bansishere; and we crossed the plain of alluvium, covered in parts with salt, like a wintry coat, to the bed of the old Karoon, not far from its mouth. Besides many questions of interest in historical geography, which will have received illustration from this *reconnaissance*, some points of importance were astronomically determined by Lieut. Cleaveland and Mr. Charlewood: magnetic experiments were carried on by Capt. Estcourt; and the Karoon was navigated with security on our return, by the survey effected on the ascent, and laid down by Sergeant-Major Quin, R.A.

The Euphrates steamer has now effected a second navigation of the Tigris to Baghdad, and made a further ascent up the river to the north of that city, previous to being laid up for the winter under charge of the residency. Guided by Colonel Taylor and Dr. Ross, of that establishment, our latest researches have been directed towards questions of geography, while the levelling between the two rivers is in progress for the intended canal. A series of accurate admeasurements have been already made in different lines between the two; and the learned world will be indebted to a corporal of the Royal Engineers (Greenhill) for an efficient and excellent survey of Babylon. The wall of Media, you will be glad to hear, still exists; it crosses from the Maecepracta of Julian to above the site of Opis. The river Athem, or Phryscus, joins the Tigris in the same neighbourhood, and constitutes, with the Altoun Sou, or Little Zab (the Zubatus of Xenophon and the Caprus of Ptolemy), and the Great Zab (the Zathes of the Greek, and the Leukus of the Alexandrian historians), all the rivers that enter the Tigris between Bagdad and Mesul: the country in which hydrographical errors have so long taken up their home. The position of Sitace is, I hope, also satisfactorily determined.

The last remnants of the expedition will proceed to the Mediterranean, across the great Syrian Desert; the Retreat of the Ten—Thousand omitted. How differently, in modern times, are revolutions effected to what they were in ancient days! A handful of men can do more towards permanently bringing a country under the subjection of morals and civilisation than the armed hosts of antiquity. Will the spark that has been lit be allowed to pass away like the armies of Cyrus, Alexander, Trajan, Severus, Julian, and Timour?

Your correspondent proceeds, in company with Mr. Rasam, who is versed in Chaldean and Syriac, as well as the languages of the day, to the heart of Kurdistan, and will visit (*Deo volente*) the Nestorian Christians, journeying onwards to Argana Maden, in the Taurus; from whence the English consul at Erzeroum has sent good specimens of lignite. If the barometer survives the journey, there are hopes of determining approximatively the elevation of the sources of the Euphrates and of the Tigris, and of completing the geological survey of these rivers. It so often happens, however, in the East, that the accomplishment of your intentions is prevented by some flaw in the character of the people, that there is more rashness than judgment in anticipating the future.

ARTS AND SCIENCES. ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. FARADAY brought before the members the very curious subject of the singular condition acquired by iron under certain modes of treatment, in relation to oxygen, nitric acid, &c. &c.; a subject which has lately been greatly developed by the investigations of M. Schonbein of Bâle. He first stated and illustrated the relation between the attraction of a metal, as zinc or iron, for oxygen, and the fitness of that metal for the construction of voltaic arrangements. He then shewed that clean iron, when put into strong pure nitric acid, was not acted upon after the first moment; but that if the acid had been previously mixed with its bulk of water, the iron, when immersed in it, would be acted upon, becoming rapidly oxydised. If, however, the iron which had previously been immersed in the strong acid, were put into the dilute acid, that piece would not be acted upon; or if a piece of ordinary iron were put into the dilute acid, being at the same time in contact with a clean platina plate, also immersed, then the iron did not suffer; and the platina might, after few seconds, be withdrawn, and still the iron and the acid would not affect each other. But if now a piece of common iron were put into the same acid, it was affected; and when it was made to touch the iron in the peculiar inactive state, it at once destroyed that state, and both pieces were acted on as common iron. The cause of these singular relations of this metal remains as yet unexplained and unperceived; but some valuable results flow from them. Mr. Faraday shewed, by striking experiments, that when iron and platina were in contact in an acid so dilute that action would proceed, a voltaic current was produced, as was to be expected; but when the iron was made to assume the inactive state, then no current was occasioned, though metallic contact was continued. This result, combined with that he formerly published, in which the current was obtained without metallic contact, fully prove that voltaic electricity is due, not to the contact of metals, but to chemical action. Mr. Faraday then went into various other cases in which iron exhibited this peculiar condition, and in which it was made to assume the condition by contact with silver, charcoal, gold, &c. &c.; and concluded by drawing attention to the several singular relations by which iron is distinguished so much from other metals—as, for instance, its magnetic relations; its power of forming steels with a minute proportion of carbon, silica, &c.; and its falling on the earth, occasionally in large masses, from the regions above.—On the 1st of May the anniversary meeting was held: a very satisfactory report was read, and officers were chosen for the ensuing season.

LINNEAN SOCIETY.

MR. LAMBERT in the chair.—Read a description of a new species of the genus *Trigonophthalmus*, by Mr. Schomburgk. This snake is called "Bushmaster" by the colonists, and is reckoned the most venomous reptile of Guiana. It is from six to eight feet in length. It occurs in marshes and woods; and its habits are nocturnal.—Mr. Ward exhibited specimens of two new species of *Asterotus*, a remarkable genus of *Umbelliferæ*, from New Holland.—At the meeting on Tuesday evening, the Duke of Somerset in the chair, M. Gandichaund, Professors Hugo, Mohl, and Müller, were elected foreign members of the Society.—Among the presents were a collection of reptiles, and the eggs of a large gallinaceous bird, from Lieutenant Roe, R.N., surveyor-general of Western Australia. A

flowering specimen of the *Sterculia platanifolia*, from the Duke of Northumberland's magnificent collection at Sion House, was exhibited.—Read an extract of a letter from W. H. Harvey, Esq., stating his having ascertained the *Trichomanes cormophilum* to be only a peculiar condition of the fronds of *Hemitelia capensis*.—Read, also, the conclusion of Mr. Keith's paper on the evolution of the seed and bud.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

MR. BAILY, at a late meeting, laid on the table a specimen of some delineations of the stars in the vicinity of the North Pole, made with Steinheil's astrograph. This is an ingenious instrument, by which a person can see, at the same time, the stars and the copy of them; and thus, by simultaneous observations, obtain the greatest accuracy. The instrument itself has not yet been introduced into this country.

BOTANICAL SOCIETY.

MAY 4th. W. H. White, Esq. in the chair.—A paper was read from the treasurer, John Reynolds, Esq., being a continuation of the translation of Father Kerscher's *China Illustrata*. A paper was also read from Arthur Wallis, Esq. on the Flora of Chelmsford. This was followed by a paper from Mr. G. E. Dennes, being a translation of Professor Meyen's paper on the circulation of the cellular juice in plants, extracted from *Annales des Sciences Naturelles*, for November 1835. An interesting discussion ensued, after which the meeting adjourned until May 18th.

LITERARY AND LEARNED.

UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, 27th April.—The following degrees were conferred:

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. L. A. Sharpe; Rev. G. Adams; Fellow of St. John's College; Rev. G. P. Belcher, Worcester College.

Masters of Arts.—J. B. Alexander; C. G. Bethune, Trinity College; Rev. A. Stackhouse, Lincoln College; Rev. J. Boucher, Worcester College; A. W. Black, Christ Church; T. K. Kingdon, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. Wood, St. Edmund Hall; J. A. Clarke, Trinity College; E. T. Graves, Worcester College; W. H. Ripley, University College; H. G. Allen; L. Sanders; A. Hackman, Christ Church; R. P. Humfrey, Lincoln College; W. Hill, Magdalene Hall; C. D. Rees; J. G. Clay, Jesus College.

THE LITERARY FUND.

THE forty-eighth anniversary of this valuable Institution was held at Freemasons' Hall, on Wednesday; his Grace the Duke of Somerset, president, in the chair. The company was more numerous than for several years past; and the meeting went off in the most satisfactory manner. On the right of the chair were the Lord Mayor, Lord Sandon, Sheriffs Sir J. Duke and Johnson, Mr. Adolphus, Mr. C. Pearson, Mr. Wire: on the left, and around the table, Lord Stanley, Lord Bolton, Sir Jno. Elley, Sir R. Bateson, D. Maclean, E. Tennent, M.P.'s, Sir W. Chatterton, Mr. F. W. Hope, Dr. Roger, Professor Lee, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. S. Anderson, Mr. Barrow, C. Croker, &c. &c., while, in the body of the hall, acting as stewards, friends of, and officers belonging to the fund, were many gentlemen of high professional and literary distinction, and most of the eminent booksellers and publishers of the metropolis. After the removal of the cloth, the noble chairman gave the usual loyal toasts of "The King," "The Queen," "The Princess Victoria and the rest of the Royal Family," which were received with great applause, and accompanied by national music, finely executed by Mr. T. Cooke, C. Taylor, Bellamy, and Hawkins. The ensuing toast, "The Army and Navy," called up Sir J. Elley, who, in an appropriate speech,

sketched the glories of both services during the late war, when the army took up the cause, in consequence of the navy not having left a foe to encounter on the face of the ocean, and finished it under the illustrious command of the Duke of Wellington.—whose name was hailed with loud plaudits. "Prosperity to the Literary Fund" was next drank, and Mr. Jordan briefly addressed the meeting on its behalf. He noticed that its leading principles were considerateness of the cases of distress referred to it, promptness in their succour, and secrecy in preserving the names of parties from the curiosity or pity of the world. The only remaining quality wanted was, that there should be a sufficiency for relief; and for this, though possessed of considerable funds, the Society mainly relied on the bounty and generosity brought forth at the anniversaries. He alluded to some recent and striking instances of the good done by the Society to most meritorious characters, and the blessing it had the means to confer on the suffering children of literature. Mr. Croker read a list of subscriptions, which were numerous and gratifying, amounting to above 400L. The health of the president was proposed by Lord Stanley, who complimented his Grace on his long-continued devotedness to this benevolent Institution, the chair of which he had taken nearly twenty times in the course of thirty years. His Grace returned thanks, and proposed "The Lord Mayor, the Sheriffs, and Prosperity to the City of London;" which the Lord Mayor acknowledged for the city, and invited the Sheriffs to answer for themselves. Sir J. Duke, in a concise and neat manner, expressed their friendly feelings towards literature in general, and particularly to the Society whose laudable objects they had attended to support. "Lord Stanley and the Vice-presidents" were next toasted; and his lordship was greeted by loud and continued cheers. Being the last-elected Vice-president, he observed that it reminded him of his school-days, when the youngest was called on to be the fag. It was the first time he had attended these meetings, but he looked forward to many opportunities of doing so, and promoting the interests of the fund, till he, being then a senior, saw others entering upon the same career as he was now. "Lord Sandon, and the other Members of Parliament," was replied to by his lordship, who expressed his conviction that no higher duty devolved upon legislators than to aid to their utmost the literary and scientific pursuits of the country. It was delightful to remove from the struggles of politics for awhile, for relaxation in such society as he saw around him. "Sir R. Bateson and the Stewards" were drank, for which Sir R. returned thanks. "Mr. Dickens, and the rising talent of England," called up the author of the *Pickwick Papers*, who happily acknowledged the toast as a *rising* writer, and expressed his hope that, like many who had paid him so flattering a compliment, he might, in due time, be able to do so, as one who had risen. [He was much applauded.] One of Mr. Lover's sweet lyrics was, at the request of the president, sung by himself. "Mr. Adolphus and the Bar," procured an able address from that gentleman; and, after a few other toasts, the evening concluded to the entire satisfaction of the assembly.

SOCIETY OF ANTIQUARIES.

MR. AMYOT in the chair.—Signor Campanari exhibited a copy of an Etruscan painting in fresco, discovered at Vulci. It contained two figures, about three feet in height. Mr. C. R.

Smith exhibited several *penates*, or small statues of deities, in bronze, found in the bed of the Thames; some in his own possession, and others in the possession of Mr. Newman. From the beauty and perfection of their forms, Mr. Smith considered them of Grecian workmanship. In an accompanying paper he entered into an interesting dissertation on the ancient mythologies.

LITERARY AND SCIENTIFIC MEETINGS

FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

Monday.—Royal Geographical, 9 P.M.; Belgrave Literary Conversazione.

Tuesday.—Royal Medical and Chirurgical, 8 P.M.; Civil Engineers, 8 P.M.; Zoological, 8 P.M.; Society of Arts, 8 P.M. (Illustrations: Mr. Hemming on the Art of Embossing; Lambeth Library, 8 P.M. (Mr. Luke on Light, Colour, &c.); United Service Museum, 3 P.M. (Dr. Ritchie on the Laws of Motion); Belgrave Literary 8 P.M. (H. H. Lewis on Pneumatics).

Wednesday.—Society of Arts, 7 P.M.; Graphic, 8 P.M.; Literary Fund Committee, 3 P.M.; Medico-Botanical, 8 P.M.

Thursday.—Royal Society, 8 P.M.; Antiquaries, 8 P.M.; Royal Society of Literature, 4 P.M.; Western Literary, 8 P.M. (Mr. Fry on Milton).

Friday.—Royal Astronomical, 8 P.M.; Royal Institution, 8 P.M.

Saturday.—H. R. H. the Duke of Sussex's Conversation (should his Royal Highness's health permit); Mr. Hope, President of the Entomological Society, Conversazione.

FINE ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

[Second Notice.]

In our last Number we described the general impression made upon us by the present exhibition. We proceed to mention some of the principal works of which it is composed.

160. *The Highlands.* E. Landseer, R.A.—Under this general and sweeping title, the visitor will find a perfect gem of art—a production to which the epithet "fascinating" may most justly be applied. As he looks at it, he will be reminded of David Garrick's song, "My heart's in the Highlands." Mr. Landseer's heart has evidently been in his performance. The party returning from deer-hunting, headed by the piper in full blast; the boy aping the laird; "the laird himself"; his attendants; the horses bearing the noble game; the gleaners resting from their toil; the approaching group in the middle distance, are all admirable. Nor must we omit to notice the picturesque beauty of the mountain scenery; nor the exquisite tone and texture of the rustic bridge in the foreground; almost betraying the very quarry from which the stones that compose it were hewn. We repeat that this is a perfect gem of art.

104. *Raffaele and the Fornarina.* A. W. Callicott, R. A.—The first view of this picture created in us a degree of surprise, hardly justifiable, perhaps, when the well-known talents of the artist are considered. It is so different from the walk of art which Mr. Callicott usually pursues; and, at the same time, it is so charming. The ardent gaze of the admiring lover, and the coquettish employment of his beautiful mistress, are most happily expressed. The figures are of the size of life; they relieve darkly upon the ground; and the tone and treatment of the whole work are equal to those of the most pure and delicate productions of the Italian school. Let any one turn to 179, *Recco on the Coast of Genoa*, by the same artist, and he cannot fail to be struck by the versatility of powers displayed. The latter is one of the finest specimens of that brilliant and masterly style of painting landscape by which Mr. Callicott has so long delighted the public.

138. *Scene in the Greek War: An Arab Chief of Reshid Paoha's army selling Captives; some Monks approaching to endeavour*

to ransom them. C. L. Eastlake, R.A.—A subject of more touching interest could hardly have been selected; and it is treated with Mr. Eastlake's usual skill. All the varieties of hope, fear, doubt, and anguish, are depicted—we had almost said too much to the life—for, while they evince the artist's powers, they, perhaps, lay too heavy a tax on the feelings of the spectator; since, alas! the story is not one of fiction.

144. *The Empress Josephine and the Fortune-Teller.* Sir D. Wilkie, R.A.—One of those extraordinary events in the romance of life which make a strong impression on those who do not reflect that, for a solitary prediction of the kind, which turns out to be true, tens of thousands are falsified by the event. Sir David has introduced great variety of character into his composition; and the half-serious, half-sportive action and expression of the future empress, are very naturally portrayed. The general tone of colour has a slight tendency to pinkishness, which is not quite agreeable.

21. *Samson betrayed by Delilah.* W. Etty, R.A.—In our opinion one of the finest and most powerful pictures (of a cabinet size) ever painted in this country. Its energy of action and character, its depth and richness of colour, and its masterly execution, are all transcendent, uniting the highest qualities of Rubens and Tintoret.

122. *The Sirens and Ulysses.* W. Etty, R.A.—We are unable to speak in terms of equal commendation of this performance; although there are portions of it—such, for instance, as the vessel, with its living freight, and the distant sea—which shew no ordinary power. But what could induce Mr. Etty to bestow his time and his talents on so disgusting a subject? Who would like to have the representation of a charnel-house suspended in his apartment?

46. *The Hindu Girl's Offering.* W. Daniell, R.A.—The nature of the subject is explained in the catalogue. Mr. Daniell has embodied it with a taste and a feeling which leave nothing to be desired. The beautiful and elegant forms of the native females, launching their brittle barks, seen under the effect of moonlight, fill the mind with poetical visions, which almost hollow the gentle superstitions of the East.

50. *East Deen, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight.* W. Daniell, R.A.—A site more desirable for an embellished dwelling could nowhere be found; uniting, as it does, every charm of beautiful scenery. But for the well-known fidelity, as well as versatility, of Mr. Daniell's pencil, we might be induced to suspect that he had here been playing off a little of the witchery of his art upon us.

186. *Return from Hawking.* E. Landseer, R.A.—No artist enters more boldly into open daylight in all his works than Mr. Landseer. It is as if every part of his canvass contained a pet object, on which he had determined to exercise all his skill. Nothing is neglected nor slurred over. The admirable work before us illustrates this in a striking manner. The noble pair (Lord Francis Egerton and his lady), their lovely offspring, the huntsman and domestics, the horses (as fine as Cuyp), the hawks, the architecture, and all the accessories, are painted with a carefulness, and, at the same time, with a spirit and a fluency of pencil, wholly unrivaled. This is one of the most attractive performances in the room.

130. *Story of Apollo and Daphne.* J. M. W. Turner, R.A.—Apollo and Daphne! One of those gorgeous effects of prismatic colours in all their original and distinct vividness, which,

under any other management than that of Mr. Turner, would be offensive; but which he renders absolutely magical.

[To be continued.]

EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

[Second notice.]

86. *Mountainous Scenery.* J. Varley.—Belongs to a high order of art. Though evidently a composition, it is based on the study of nature by one long acquainted with her grand features, as well as with her minute details.

126. *Interior of a Wood-house.* W. Hunt.—Such is the alchemy of this artist, that in his hands chips and straws, shreds and patches, become materials of value, things of price. Yet, when order and regularity are required, as in 213, *Morning*, every thing is in its proper place. The last-mentioned production is, in point of sentiment, greatly superior; in the effect of light equal to the works of Da Hooge, or the more elegant Metzu.

92. *Roebuck.* R. Hills.—Mr. Hills' representations of domestic cattle are skilful and true; but still his subjects of wild deer, in the enjoyment of mountain liberty, are his best and most spirited performances.

112. *Girls ascending the side of Snowdon.* J. Cristall.—This picture reminds us of Anne of Geierstein. As a work of art, it derives great interest from its local character, its picturesque scenery, and the skill with which it is executed.

351. *Ploughing.* D. Cox.—Persons who visit this, or any other exhibition, with a predilection for any particular style of art, will lose much of the pleasure which variety ought to give. Truth appears in a plain, quite as frequently as in a florid garb. Mr. Cox's productions are all evidences of the fact. Slight as some of them seem to be, they are the result of long observation and great practice.

240. *Lady and Duenna;* 298. *Spanish Girls.* F. Stone.—In each of these performances, the qualities of expression and execution are so happily united that, without reference to any particular story or sentiment, it is highly attractive.

158. *Chatsworth Park.* W. A. Nesfield.—The dual mansion, and even the park itself, are but adjuncts to the deer; the noble and picturesque forms and action of which are depicted with admirable truth and spirit.

238. *Interior of a Shetland Cottage.* A. Chisholm.—Poverty and want are not the most pleasing objects of contemplation; but Mr. Chisholm has exhibited great skill in the management of the light, and in the picturesque character which he has given to this interior.

231. *The Antiquary.* J. Stephanoff.—The rage of the antiquary at finding his sacred apartment invaded by the housemaid is well expressed; but we think the subject rather overlaid by the number of the component parts. This is not the case with some of Mr. Stephanoff's smaller performances. In 202, *Pray remember the Grotto*, an annual nuisance, is whimsically illustrated.

227. *Old Buildings at Godalming.* W. Scott.—We have a great regard for ancient edifices of this description, and feel much indebted to Mr. Scott for the skill which he manifests in their pictorial preservation.

219. *The Stroll in the Woods.* Mrs. Seyffarth.—A very agreeable thing when summer suns give out their heat; and especially when, as in the present case, the stroller is accompanied by pretty faces and the expression of holiday delight.

218. *Taming the Shrew;* 211. *Scene from*

Woodstock. Joseph Nash.—These subjects are treated with great skill. They are forcible in effect, harmonious in colour, and just in expression.

346. *Morning;* 338. *Moonlight;* 167. *Lane Scene—Evening.* G. Barret.—Among the best specimens of this able artist's poetical pencil.

183. *Fruit;* 215. *Dahlias.* V. Bartholomew.—Mr. Bartholomew's composition, colouring, and execution, in works of this kind, have always excited our highest admiration.

In taking leave of these well-selected and fascinating performances—whether of those which we have noticed, or of those which our limits alone prevent us from noticing—we may truly say that, in their respective departments of art, the several members of the Society have nobly "done their duty."

THE ART-UNION.

SUCH is the rather foreign-sounding combination of a name given to a new association for the advancement of the Fine Arts; an advertisement, describing which, appeared in our pages a fortnight ago. It differs from the Society formed last year "for the Encouragement of British Art," inasmuch as in the first, the works were bought by the managing committee, and distributed by lottery among the subscribers; while, in the last, the lottery-prizes are intrusted to the selection of the fortunate holders. A few minor details are also at variance; but, upon the whole, the object is the same, and the organisation similar in spirit. We were, therefore, glad to hear that it was proposed to unite the two; and now regret to learn that the plan has proved abortive. Combined, we are inclined to think the power and influence would have been greater than if both proceeded, more or less interfering with each other, and dividing and neutralising the public feeling.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

L. E. L. Painted by Macrise, A.R.A.; engraved by E. Finden. Ackermann and Co. If, under any circumstances, a successful female portrait is rarely accomplished, how much must the difficulty be increased when, to delicacy of features, the artist has to add vivacity and delicacy of intelligence? Over this difficulty, however, Mr. Macrise and Mr. Finden have completely triumphed in this graceful and beautiful print, which we noticed during its progress, which is now finished, and which must be allowed by all who know the fair and celebrated original, to be a perfect resemblance. Should a copy be purchased by only one in a thousand of those who have read and admired Miss Landown's charming works, it will prove a very lucrative speculation to the publishers. It will not shine the less, being compared with the abominable caricature which deforms the last No. of the *New Monthly Magazine*. We never saw such an atrocious libel on the human face divine.

The Maid of Saragossa. Engraved by Samuel Cousins, A.R.A. from the original picture in the Royal Collection, painted in Madrid by Sir David Wilkie, R.A. Moon.

Most of our readers will recollect that "The Maid of Saragossa" was one of the first pictures exhibited by Sir David Wilkie, after his return from Spain; and that it excited great public attention, in consequence, not only of the interesting subject, but of the freer and grander style of drawing, of colour, and of effect, with which it was evident the able and popular British artist had been im-

bued, by his study of the vigorous and deep-toned works of the Spanish school. The heroic maid herself, her patriotism stimulated by revenge; the gallant and determined Palsfox; that noble specimen of "the church militant," Father Consolacion; the priest writing the despatches, to be forwarded by the carrier-pigeon held by the mulatto boy; the volunteers, two employed in training the gun, the other ready to be called into action; and the corpse of the unhappy cannoneer, the lover of Angostina, form a group, the contemplation of which awakens some of the most powerful feelings of our nature. The name of Mr. Cousins is a sufficient guarantee for the excellence of the engraving,—which we understand has been executed under the immediate superintendence of Sir David Wilkie. It is in the highest degree honourable to both artists.

James Emerson Tennent, Esq. M.P. Drawn by G. Richmond; engraved by R. A. Arlett. A SPIRITED and excellent likeness of the honourable and eloquent member for Belfast; which will form one of the embellishments of the next number of Ryall's "Portraits of Conservative Statesmen."

Hafed, a celebrated Deer-hound. Painted by Edwin Landseer, R.A.; engraved by C. G. Lewis. Ackermann and Co.

As finely painted, and as finely engraved a dog's head (of the size of life), as it is possible to conceive.

Pictures picked from the Pickwick Papers, by Alfred Crowquill. Sheet I. Ackermann and Co.

LAUGHABLE little sketches. "The Fat Boy" and "Payne" are among the best.

MUSIC.

Hanover Square Rooms.—Mr. Sale's concert was too late for us to notice last week, though it was one of the best musical entertainments of the season. The choice of songs, duets, and instrumental pieces was excellent. The opening carol, in honour of the Princess Victoria, who was present, was sweetly sung by Cadaross Allan, Miss Hawes, Mr. H. Phillips, and chorus. Notwithstanding two or three disappointments in the second part, there was quite enough of delightful music to satisfy a large and fashionable audience.

On Saturday, Mr. Hawes, also, gave a brilliant concert.

On Thursday, for Mr. Blagrove's benefit, a choice selection of the finest music was performed, and received, as it deserved, with great applause.

DRAMA.

King's Theatre.—On Thursday *Il Matrimonio Segreto* was performed for the benefit of Lablache, who was in great force on the occasion. The whole cast was admirable, and the treat delicious.

Covent Garden.—Having delivered our opinion upon the published play of *Strafford*, we have here only to speak of the acting. That of Macready was most forcible and striking. *Strafford* is deeply agitated from first to last; and nobly and naturally did this accomplished performer embody the character throughout. The bursts of feelings were imitatively fine. Miss Faust, also, played with great taste and effect. *Pym*, in Vandenhoff's hands, was rather croaky; but there is a sort of sameness in what he has to say and do, which, perhaps, led to this result. Mr. Ben-

nett, and Webster, junior, did well for *Hollis* and *Vane*. The *King*, Dale, was awfully bad; the *Queen*, Vincent, only a shade better. It is not in her pretty coquettish line.

Adelphi.—The Adelphi closed on Thursday, after, we believe, a season as prosperous as it has been active and enterprising.

St. James's Theatre.—The nightly entertainments here are of that pleasing kind which affords most entertainment to genteel and cultivated audiences. We rejoice to see that they win their way to the popular patronage they so richly deserve.

Olympic.—*Peculiar Position*, a very clever and amusing piece by Planché, with Liston in his best style, has been added to the very popular list of Olympic attractions.

Strand Theatre.—*Romeo and Juliet* has been produced here in the broadest burlesque, and with the most laughable success.

VARIETIES.

Caricatures.—H. B. is out-pouring his fancies with prolific fertility. We have this week three, Nos. 478, 479, and 480. The first is "Jim Crow Dance," with a dozen leading political characters capering away, with ludicrous activity: which why the "turn about, wheel about," is likely to end, is as dark and difficult to guess as in the present actual state of parties. "Something between the sublime and the ridiculous," represents a fine ship, the *Constitution*, in peril; the King and John Bull looking over the stern for succour. A boat, pulled by Wellington, Lyndhurst, &c. and steered by Peel, is pulling up hard; while on the other side is another boat, with the ministry hurrying from the wreck. In the last, "Looking out," O'Connell, as a smuggler, with a pistol, inscribed on the barrel "Repeal," is one of the boldest heads ever executed by the artist.

Diffusion of Knowledge.—“ Friday, there were taken from the stomach of a trout, caught in the Tay, five pieces of the *Fifeshire Journal*. They appeared to have been but lately swallowed, as they were quite legible when dried.”—*Perth Advertiser.* When trouts are tickled into taking in newspapers, we may, indeed, truly boast of the “spread,” &c. and march of intellect. The only pity is that the critters are mute, and cannot, in return, communicate intelligence to the inhabitants of dry land. The name of one of Walter Scott's schoolmasters was *Whale*. There is no saying what may occur!

Artists' Fund.—To-day, this benevolent association observes its anniversary, with the Marquess of Northampton presiding. A numerous and distinguished attendance is anticipated: a few charities deserve it more.

Covent Garden Theatrical Fund.—Another of our most meritorious charities, which has announced a very attractive bill of fare for Saturday next. It promises much social entertainment.

King's College.—The annual meeting, last Saturday, was attended by many very eminent persons; and the report was of the most satisfactory description.

Weather-wisdom.—All quite wrong again. Instead of cold and ill weather, it has been beautiful; and the sun, “approaching the opposition Saturn,” has had no effect whatever. Now, to look forward: “Sudden dashing showers and thunder about the 7th. A change on the 8th; windy weather prevails. Fairer and warmer about the 10th and 11th, as the Sun aspects Mars, and the Moon Jupiter; yet high winds and thunder prevail. Growing weather, rather hot; mild rain.”

The King of the Rats?—The natural curiosity known by the name of the “king of the rats” (*Rattenkönig*), has been declared, by many naturalists, to be a mere fable. On the 21st of March, there was found, in the wall of a stable at Zaisenhausen, in the grand duchy of Baden, king of the rats, which consisted of twelve full-grown rats, which were all alive when found, whose tails are so entangled together that they cannot be unloosened. Four other live rats were found with them, by which the twelve so joined together were provided with food. The twelve rats are all nearly of equal size, and seem to be well fed. It seems evident that they must have got so entangled immediately after their birth, because the tails, when an attempt was made to disengage them, are bent quite conformably to the knot.

—*German Journal.*

Conundrum.—Why was Noah like one of the most unfortunate of rat-catchers?—Because he was forty days without seeing e'er a rat. (Ararat.)

Grammatical Epigram.

Come, now, Annie dear, how I wish you'd decide, And make up your mind if you will be my bride— Say at once—shall I go for the parson and ring?

Give a definite answer, you whimsical thing! I won't be called “thing,” Mr. Marry-in-haste, Love of definite answers in me were misplaced; Had you ever been taught by your grammar a particle, You'd have found out that Anne's an indefinite article.

R. J.

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

Mr. Moore's second volume of the History of Ireland brings it down to the end of the twelfth century; and shall have due notice in our next Gazette.

In the Press.

A new Naval Novel, under the title of “The Anchorette; or, Ten Thousand Topsail-sheet Blocks,” by the Old Sailor.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Hymns for the Sundays and Festivals throughout the Year, selected by Henry Alford, M.A., 18mo. 1s. 2d.—A Treatise on the Influenza of 1837, by Peyton Blackston, M.A., 2d.—The Hussar, by the Author of “The Subaltern,” 2 vols, post 8vo. 1s. 1s.—Sidney Smith's Chancery Practice, 2 vols. 8vo. 2s. 4d.—Rowthorn's Guide to German Conversation, 12mo. 4s. 6d.—Margam Abbey, a Historical Romance of the Fourteenth Century, 12mo. 9s. 6d.—An Inquiry into the Nature of the Books of the Ancients, 4cap. 4vo. 7s. 6d.—Odes, Illustrated Edition, 1s. 6d.—The Life and Correspondence of the Duke of Wellington, 2d edition, royal 8vo. 3s. 6d.—Lord Mahon's History of England, Vol. II. 8vo. 14s.—Rev. W. F. Hook's Last Days of our Lord's Ministry, new edition, 12mo. 6s.—The Book of the Young, an Invitation to early Christian Piety, by Rev. Joseph Jones, of Newchurch, 12mo. 6s.—A Birthday Tribute to the Princess Victoria, by L. E. L., 4to. 3s.—Opinions of Lord Brougham, post 8vo. 12s.—A New Dictionary of the English Language, by C. Richardson, 2 vols. 4to. 5s. 6d.—Freedom, the Spirit of the Age, and other Poems, by H. Mead, 12mo. 2s.—The Young Duellists; or, the Affairs of Honour, royal 12mo. with plates, 6s. 6d.—Hymns of the Primitive Church, by the Rev. S. Chandler, 4to. 4s. 6d.—Remarks on the Ecclesiastical Condition of the United Kingdoms, by Dr. Robinson, post 8vo. 10s. 6d.—The Life of Christ Considered, by G. Payne, LL.D., 4cap. 2s. 6d.—Discourses on the Complete Restoration of Man, by Dr. Chapman, 8vo. 10s. 6d.—Dennis Kelly's Practical Sermons, 2d edition, 8vo. 7s. 6d.—The Great Metropolis, Second Series, 2 vols, post 8vo. 1s. 1s.—Library of Romance, Illustrated Edition, Vol. I., 4cap. 8vo. 6s.—Autumn Leaves, Poems by H. F. Valle, 2d edition, post 8vo. 6s.—A Dream of Life, a Poem, by Rev. W. G. Moore, 4cap. 5s.

METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL, 1837.

	Thermometer.	Barometer.
April.	From 31 to 54	29°73 to 29°68
Thursday . . . 27	... 29 ... 56	29°66 .. 29°58
Friday . . . 28	... 29 ... 56	29°66 .. 29°51
Saturday . . . 29	... 35 ... 53	29°53 .. 29°51
Sunday . . . 30	... 43 ... 60	29°35 .. 29°51
May.		
Monday . . . 1	... 41 .. 64	29°61 .. 29°73
Tuesday . . . 2	... 37 .. 64	29°65 .. 29°66
Wednesday . . . 3	... 39 .. 64	29°77 .. 29°65

Winds, S. W. and N. E.

Except the mornings of the 28th, 29th, and 30th ult., and 3d instant, generally clear; frequent showers; a little hail fell in the afternoon of the 30th.

Rain fallen, .275 of an inch.

Edmonton, CHARLES HENRY ADAMS.

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